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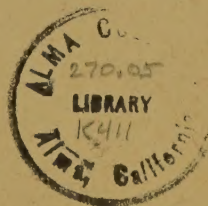


LIFE
OF MOST REVEREND
PETER RICHARD KENRICK, D. D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS.

(By Rev. Wm. Walsh)

*Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar.*

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PREFACE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of Clergymen appointed by the priests of the Diocese to make suitable preparations for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, it was suggested by a member of the Committee, a Franciscan Father, that a brief sketch of his life be written, and that to do the work, he be permitted to select a priest whom he knew to be entirely competent. The whole Committee thought well of the suggestion, and requested the Father making it to authorize his friend to commence the work at once. The life was to have been written in the German language, and translated into the vernacular and the other languages of the Catholics of the Diocese; but, when the whole scope of the work was maturely considered by the clergyman to whom reference was made, he declined the undertaking. The task then devolved upon us.

Brief and no doubt incomplete as the sketch we present may be, we can assure our readers we have devoted much time and earnest thought to the plan and accuracy of the work. Delicacy, of course, prevented us from consulting His Grace, but for every fact of which we ourselves were not certain, we sought information from those most likely able to give it. We asked and received this information from those around the Archbishop in official capacity, or otherwise, and from many at a distance.

We have stated nothing of which we were not certain, believing that the great merit of biography consists in truthfulness. We have avoided exaggeration, knowing that the golden virtue of a great and saintly life is only obscured by immoderate praises.

In the course of our sketch there are numerous episodes and digressions, but they seem to us to come in as a matter, of course, to fully illustrate the character of our subject, and to tell the story of his life. We offer our sincere thanks to those who have aided in prosecuting the work.

With these few words of introduction, we submit our little volume to the public who, for him of whom we have written, will, we are sure, judge us kindly.

St. Louis,

Feast of St. Lawrence, August 10th, 1891.

LIFE OF MOST REVEREND
PETER RICHARD KENRICK, D. D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS.

I.

It has been thought that without at least a brief sketch of the life of our Most Reverend Archbishop, something would be wanting to the complete celebration of his Golden Jubilee. To write the biography of a man, however brief, before his death, is no easy task. But as we are not engaged as a critic but as an historian, we submit that our task will after all be rather easy than difficult.

Peter Richard Kenrick was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 18th day of August, 1806. His parents were pious and respectable people; his father's name was Thomas Kenrick and his mother's Jane Foy. He made his preparatory studies in the schools of his native city and under a private tutor. Soon the affections of his young heart turned to the holy state of the priesthood. He had an uncle in Dublin at this time, the Reverend Richard Kenrick, in whose parish he lived, a priest in great repute for holiness of life and zeal in the sacred ministry. It may not be out of place to add that this good man was seized with his last illness while walking in the streets of Dublin. Entering the humble dwelling of a poor Catholic woman, he told her that he was going to die and asked for a place to lay his head. He died in a few moments.

Young Kenrick had also at this same time a brother, Francis Patrick Kenrick, a student in the Urban College in Rome. No doubt he may have been thus happily influenced in resolving to dedicate himself to the ecclesiastical state.

His classical studies having been completed, he entered St. Patrick's Royal College of Maynooth. As a student, he

was a model, being always remarkable for close application and strict observance of rule. As an instance of his diligence, we have heard it related, how, availing himself of the moments he could spare from his hours of study, he read Bergier's Ecclesiastical Dictionary entirely through. Indeed, close observers did not hesitate to say that something great was in store for the amiable, virtuous and diligent student. After several years spent in the practice of every Christian and priestly virtue, he was ordained priest on March 6th, 1832. The ceremony was performed in the college chapel by Archbishop Murray of Dublin. There was only one student ordained priest with him.

He exercised the sacred ministry first in his native diocese and was soon distinguished for his ability and devotedness. His first mission was at the Cathedral of Dublin, which he retained, however, but a few months, having been changed to the Church of Rathmines, a suburban town of Dublin, then in charge of the distinguished Father O'Dwyer. We have heard it related, how along with Dean Dooley of Maynooth College, Father Burke, a priest we believe of the Dublin diocese and Father Hand, afterwards founder of All Hallows College, he resolved to go to Paris, become a Lazarist and introduce the Lazarist Community into Ireland. Only the first two mentioned persevered in the resolution. Young Father Kenrick, having been reserved by Divine Providence for other and greater designs, turned his thoughts elsewhere.

On the 6th of June, 1830, his brother, Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, was consecrated Bishop of Arath, and Coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, Bishop of Philadelphia. The newly consecrated prelate was also appointed Administrator of the diocese of Philadelphia. The consecration took place in the Cathedral of Bardstown, Ky., Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget officiating. Previously to his consecration he had been Professor of Theology in St. Joseph's Seminary of Bardstown, and had exercised the sacred ministry with great zeal and success throughout the surrounding country. He was a student in the Urban College at Rome when Bishop Flaget wrote to the Cardinal Prefect to send him a young man, capable of teaching Theology and at the same time of exercising the duties of a missionary. To this request the

Cardinal responded, and selected young Kenrick to fill the distant and responsible position. As an instance of the strange prejudice, which even some of the very best men of those times had against the Irish, it may be related how Bishop Flaget acknowledged many years afterwards that he really cried when he learned the young man selected was an Irishman. He felt sure that he would have trouble with the young Irishman. He added, however, that when the same young Irishman was afterwards taken from him he cried a great deal more.

As Bishop Flaget was the instrument of Divine Providence in bringing both the Kenricks to this country, a word or two by way of allusion to his life and character will not be out of place in our brief biography. He was, as his name indicates, by birth a Frenchman, and was consecrated first Bishop of Bardstown, November 4th, 1810. He was consecrated in Baltimore by Archbishop Carroll. While still a young man, he entered the Congregation of St. Sulpice, and was in due time promoted to the priesthood. Previously to his consecration he was stationed at Baltimore and for a while also in Vincennes, Ind. He was a man of very saintly life and of indomitable zeal. After an Episcopate of nearly forty years, he died in the odor of sanctity in Louisville, Ky., whither his See had been transferred. He died on the 5th of February, 1850. At the consecration of Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Rt. Rev. John England, of Charleston, S. C., preached the sermon. To Bishop England also we must make a brief allusion. He was by birth an Irishman, and was consecrated Bishop of Charleston, S. C., on the 21st of September, 1820. He was a preacher of great power. Though, like Edmund Burke, he retained to the last more than was agreeable of the Irish accent, he has had, as an effective preacher, few if any superiors among the American Catholic clergy. As an instance of the kind of life many of the Bishops and priests of those times had to lead, we will add, that Bishop England rode on horseback all the way from Charleston, S. C., to Bardstown, Ky., a distance close on to six hundred miles, to preach the consecration sermon. By way of anticipation, we may state here that Bishop England preached also at the consecration of the subject of our sketch. During his stay in Philadelphia at that

time he delivered a course of seventeen lectures, to the delight and admiration of all that heard him. He was indeed a great and good man, and left writings that will be read by the ecclesiastical student as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the world. He died in April, 1842, sincerely and universally regretted.

When Francis Patrick Kenrick was consecrated Bishop and appointed Administrator of Philadelphia, he had not completed the first half of his thirty-third year. The position he was called upon to fill was by no means an easy one. The iniquitous Church-Trustee system had proved well nigh the ruin of religion in Philadelphia. Unprincipled men—some of them were not even Catholics—had been carrying things for years with a high hand. Indeed in so appalling a condition was the Church in Philadelphia for many years, that on the death of Bishop Eagan in 1810, it was almost impossible to find an American clergyman to accept the difficult position. In 1820, Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, a priest of the diocese of Armagh, Ireland, was consecrated Bishop of Philadelphia.

Bishop Conwell was a worthy and scholarly man. He came to Philadelphia with the best intentions, but his great age and inexperience had unfitted him for the laborious and difficult duties that awaited him. So that in place of making things better, he made them worse. Such was the distracted state of the diocese over which Bishop Kenrick was called upon to preside. He showed at once a vigor and a prudence that, in one so young, were the cause of both surprise and admiration. In a short time he had brought forth order out of chaos, peace out of contention, and the result was that the diocese soon became a model of regularity.

Bishop Conwell died in 1842, and Bishop Kenrick became on his death Bishop of Philadelphia properly so called. He governed the diocese of Philadelphia until 1851, when on the death of Bishop Eccleston, he was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore. The Bulls appointing him to this high office were dated August 19, 1851. In Baltimore, he showed the same zeal and the same prudence that had distinguished him while Bishop of Philadelphia. But as a writer he was no less distinguished than as a Bishop. His great and learned treatises on Moral and Dogmatic Theology, his

translation of the Sacred Scriptures with learned notes and comments, and his "Primacy of the Apostolic See," evince a learning not surpassed by that of the great Fathers of the Church. This truly great and good man died during the night of July 7th, 1863.

In October, 1833, Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick arrived in Philadelphia. A short time previous to his leaving Ireland, his mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached, had died. The death of his mother left him free to accept the pressing invitation of his Rt. Rev. Brother to come to Philadelphia and become President of the Seminary of the diocese. He was also made rector of the Cathedral and Vicar-General of the diocese. He was subsequently stationed in Pittsburg, but for how long we have not ascertained. We once heard him relate how, during his missionary career, he baptized at one time, after his Mass and without having broken his fast, no less than eighty children. But, during his laborious life as a missionary, he was by no means idle as a literary man, for never during all the care and anxieties of the holy ministry, had he lost his love for books. During those seven years of his missionary life, so laborious as we have seen, there appeared at different intervals his "Validity of Anglican Ordinations Examined," his "New Month of Mary" and his "History of the Holy House of Loretto". Of the first work we will say that it exhausts the subject of which it treats, leaving no doubt in the mind of the intelligent and unbiased reader, that the Anglican Church in separating from the Holy See, lost all claim to Apostolical succession. Up to the recent publication of Canon Ascourt, there was no other treatise in the English language on this subject if we except that of Bishop Ryan of Buffalo at a later date, save that of Bishop Kenrick. His work was therefore the only authority to which English writers on the subject could appeal. The second work is a novel and admirable arrangement of reflections for each day of the month of Mary. The titles applied to the Mother of God in the Litany of Loretto serve as the text for these learned reflections. And in the last work he examines and proves, as clearly as anything can be proved, that the house made sacred as the abode of the Holy Family was miraculously transported to its present location in Italy

But amid all his ministerial and literary occupations, his thoughts would go back to the quiet and safety of the religious life. Accordingly, in 1840, and with letters recommendatory from his Rt. Rev. Brother, he left this country for Rome intending to apply for admission into the Society of Jesus. But the Jesuit Superior in Rome, to whom he applied for admission, did not approve of his intention. On the contrary, he dissuaded him from it and advised him to return and resume his labors in the diocese of Philadelphia. We forgot to mention that, before going to Rome, it was his intention to apply to the Jesuits in England for admission but did not, and for the reason that may seem strange to some, that the letters he bore from his brother were of a too highly eulogistic character. It seems that when he had fully made up his mind to become a Jesuit, his brother was absent on a visitation of the diocese. His brother, not wishing to cross him in his purpose, sent him his *exeat* and the letters of which we have spoken. So little was the familiarity, as the reader will perceive, regarding personal matters, between those great men.

During his stay in Rome, he met, as far as we know, for the first time, Bishop Rosati of St. Louis. Bishop Rosati had, for some time, been desirous of obtaining a Coadjutor to aid him in the work of his vast diocese. Very Rev. John Timon, then Visitor of the Lazarists in the United States, was appointed Coadjutor but declined the appointment. Bishop Rosati had known Father Kenrick very well, if not personally at least by character, and as need not be added, he had been much impressed by all that he had heard of the learned, accomplished and zealous young clergyman. It was therefore no wonder that, when the question of selecting a Coadjutor for St. Louis was raised, the name of the Very Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick should have suggested itself to his mind. Indeed before leaving for Rome in 1841, in a personal interview that Bishop Rosati had with Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia, he expressed his earnest desire of having the subject of our biography as his Coadjutor. No doubt, what Bishop Rosati saw of him in Rome tended, to increase this desire. And therefore it was that, before leaving Rome, he asked and obtained of the Holy See, that he be appointed his Coadjutor. In due time the Bulls were made out, appointing Rt. Rev.

Peter Richard Kenrick Bishop of Drasa and Coadjutor to the Bishop of St. Louis, with the right of succession. The two, Bishop Rosati and the now elect-Bishop Kenrick, left Europe together for America. They arrived in Boston on the 18th of November. The consecration took place in St. Mary's church then the pro-Cathedral of Philadelphia twelve days later on the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle,—Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati acting as consecrating Prelate, and Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Arath and Administrator of Philadelphia, and Rt. Rev. Peter Paul Lefevre, Bishop of Zela and Administrator of Detroit, being the assistants. As we have already stated, Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., preached the consecration sermon. The young Prelate could not have remained long in Philadelphia to receive the congratulations of his friends, for we find that he reached Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 24th of December. After spending Christmas at the Cape, he resumed his journey, reaching St. Louis towards the last of the month.

Here we have to digress once more. In a biography, however brief, of Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, it would never do to pass over in silence the life of the excellent Prelate who immediately preceded him. Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati was born in the Kingdom of Naples, Italy, on the 30th of January, 1789. At an early age, he entered the Community of the Lazarists and in due time was promoted to the priesthood. One day, whilst still a young man, he was walking with the Rev. Felix De Andreis, when the latter asked him what he was doing in the way of study. "I am preparing some sermons," answered young Rosati, "and studying Hebrew." "Study English instead of Hebrew," said Father De Andreis. English! It had never occurred to the mind of the young man, even as a possibility, that he would have need of the English language. He took the advice, however, of his friend as the voice of God Himself, for the Rev. De Andreis was universally regarded as a saint. Shortly after, Bishop Dubourg, then Father Dubourg, came to Rome. He was Administrator of the Diocese of New Orleans and had come to Rome, among other purposes, to procure clergymen for his vast jurisdiction. He applied to the Lazarists, and they assigned him as his fellow laborers, in the Diocese of New Orleans,

De Andreis, Rosati, and perhaps one other. They arrived in America about the year 1817, and Rosati, after spending ten months with Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Ky., perfecting himself in the knowledge of the English language and the manners and the customs of the country, came to St. Louis the scene of his future labors. At first it was undecided where the newly arrived missionaries should locate themselves, whether in St. Louis, Ste. Genevieve or the Barrens. The last place was selected, and here they laid the foundation of what afterwards became St. Mary's College and Seminary, and the center of a large Catholic population. For several years the future Bishop of St. Louis, the Rev. Joseph Rosati, labored with great zeal in different parts of the diocese. His zeal, learning and administrative ability soon made him one of the most conspicuous clergymen in the diocese. And, therefore it was, that Bishop Dubourg had him appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Tenagre and his Coadjutor. Owing to many causes, which we need not state here, he was transferred to St. Louis, March 27, 1827, which was then erected into an Episcopal See. For thirteen years he labored with great zeal, visiting every portion of his diocese, preaching, confirming and performing all the duties of a great and laborious Missionary Bishop. If ever a Bishop performed the work of the Good Shepherd, that Bishop was the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati. It was Bishop Rosati that erected the old Cathedral on Walnut Street, this city. The church was regarded for those days, as a very large and splendid edifice. Even in our own days it is not the least admired of the churches of St. Louis. The leading traits of Bishop Rosati's character seem to have been gentleness of manner and kindness of heart. We heard it related, but in a manner that loses much when written, the way he would receive his priests when they came from a distance to visit him. What we heard was related by the Rev. Peter Donnelly, long since deceased and well known throughout this diocese. "He would rise from his seat, approach and embrace his visitor in the most affectionate manner. He would then place him in the seat from which he himself had arisen, and when the priest would begin to talk of the business that had brought him, the good Bishop would say: 'Now, wait a while—wait a while. We won't talk of business just now. How are you

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ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL.

yourself? Do you want anything?' He would then ring for the servant and when the servant would appear he would say: 'Get a room ready for the Rev. Mr.——.'"

After the consecration of his Coadjutor, Bishop Rosati went to Hayti, as Apostolic Delegate, to settle some difficulties between the Government of that island and the Holy See. He succeeded in the mission on which he was sent, but contracted a disease which was destined to bring his holy and laborious career to a rather untimely end. He went to Rome to make his report on what he had done and, in recognition of his valuable services to religion, he was made Assistant Prelate at the Pontifical Throne. He was commissioned a second time by the Holy See to go to Hayti to perfect what he had begun, but had proceeded only as far as Paris when his health failed him and, in obedience to the advice of his physicians, he returned to Italy. But their advice was too late, for on the 25th of September, Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati departed to another and, we firmly believe, a better world.

At the close of 1841, the population of the city of St. Louis was about twenty thousand. Fully one-half, if not more, of the population was Catholic. The Catholics were mostly French and Irish and their descendants, very few German Catholics having thus far reached the city of which they were afterwards destined to form so very large and creditable a portion of the population.

When Bishop Kenrick began his administration of the diocese, he found things by no means so agreeable as they might have been. Indeed he was at times so discouraged, that we have been credibly informed he had serious thoughts of removing to Pittsburgh, then about to be erected into an Episcopal See. Probably he thought, that if he were back again among old friends and old associations, he would be able to do more good. But, fortunately for the Diocese of St. Louis and the whole Northwest, he dismissed those thoughts and remained where Providence had assigned him.

In the city of St. Louis, besides the little chapel of St. Aloysius, fronting on Washington Avenue, and attended by the Jesuit Fathers of the St. Louis University, the Cathedral was the only other church. As has been said, the Cathedral was for those days a very large and splendid edifice, but was

heavily burthened with debt. Bishop Rosati—we are writing history and not panegyric—was not a man of great business capacity. With the best intentions and best efforts, he succeeded in paying very little of the cost of the building. To pay the Cathedral debt was one of the first thoughts of Bishop Kenrick. For this purpose he called a meeting of the leading Catholics of the city. But, save talking over the matter, nothing was done at the meeting. The Bishop then called another meeting, and, wishing to test what those present really would do, he set before them a paper, on which he requested each one present to write the amount he would give towards liquidating the Cathedral debt. But only one person responded, and he subscribed only twenty-five dollars. This must have been very disheartening to the Bishop, nevertheless he showed no feeling, dismissing them with the simple declaration—"Gentlemen, I will dispense with your services for the future. I will adopt some other means of paying the debt." He was as good as his word. He did adopt some other means of paying the debt, and so successfully, that in time, great as it was, it was paid to the last dollar. In this, as in all the other business transactions in which he was compelled to engage for the interest of religion, he displayed a business capacity hardly to be expected in a man of his disposition and previous habits. And, as years went by, we hazard nothing in saying that he exhibited a financial ability not exceeded by any business man in the city.

For a number of years he invested largely in landed real estate. He built large blocks of stores and dwellings, the rent of which went towards the support of orphans, the building of churches and other charities of the diocese. In 1853, he bought what was known as the Clay Farm. The farm was so called because it was owned by J. B. Clay, a near relative of Kentucky's great statesman, Henry Clay. The farm lay out on the Bellfontaine Road, about six miles from the city, and contained about three hundred and twenty-five acres. Under the Archbishop's direction, half of this farm was converted into one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the country—the well known Calvary Cemetery.

The reader would be justified in asking, how it came to pass that the Archbishop, who had come here without a dollar

in his pocket and found the church heavily in debt, could have been able to engage in such business transactions. Two circumstances, happily for the Diocese of St. Louis, brought about this result. An Irish family by the name of Mullanphy, that settled in the City of St. Louis at an early day, made large purchases of property in the outskirts of the town. As St. Louis rapidly increased in population and became a great city, this property became very valuable. The Mullanphy heirs to this day are among the wealthy people of the city. One member of the family, always a very devout Catholic, made large bequests from her portion of the estate to the Church and to the religious institutions of the city. The other circumstance was, that in those days, large sums of money were deposited with the Archbishop by Catholic immigrants and others for safe keeping. Then there was no National Currency. State Banks alone were authorized to issue paper money or currency, and the State Banks issuing this currency were often times without funds or credit to redeem their paper. Hence the word *Wild-Cat* was frequently applied to the banks to designate their rotten and insolvent character. The laboring people and farmers suffered the most from this trading in insolvency. On that account, people who had a little money looked around for some safe and responsible person in whose hands to place it. In the great cities of America, the Catholic people looked first to the Bishop or Archbishop of the place. The Archbishop was easily found out by the Catholic people of St. Louis and others, as the man above all to whom they could trust their earnings for safe keeping. He used the money deposited with him to improve the property donated to the Church by the family above mentioned and by others, who from time to time had made religious bequests. Among those religious bequests we feel ourselves obliged to mention that of Mr. Thornton, which, we believe, was the largest ever made to the Church in St. Louis. It was this bequest that enabled the Archbishop to make such large advancements to the churches and religious institutions of the city. This is the true history of the origin and scope of the Archbishop's banking enterprise.

On the 3rd of March, 1863, Congress passed what was known as the Legal Tender Act, making the National Currency

a legal tender. Hence, to illustrate—if you loaned a man one hundred dollars in gold, and he gave you his note promising to pay you one hundred dollars at the end of the year, he would, according to the Legal Tender Act, satisfy his obligation by paying you the same amount in the National Currency, although the National Currency was much depreciated at the time. The Archbishop did not avail himself of this privilege, until all the banking and business of the country were conducted on a national basis. When that had occurred the Archbishop had paid more than two-thirds of his indebtedness in gold, being obliged by that course in many instances to pay two dollars for one. In 1868 and 1869, in order to cancel his indebtedness, he disposed of the greater part of the property of the Diocese. In this, as the event proved, he was guided by the usual prudence, for property of all kinds became shortly afterwards greatly depreciated.

But those of a financial nature were not the only labors and difficulties Archbishop Kenrick had to encounter during the earlier years of his Episcopate. The Diocese of St. Louis, when he took charge of it, consisted of the whole of Missouri, the whole of Arkansas and the western half of Illinois. We give this as the territory embraced in the diocese of St. Louis, on the authority of the Catholic Almanac of 1844. This extensive territory had of course to be visited by the Bishop. Visiting an American diocese at the present day is mere child's play—mere recreation—compared to what it was fifty years ago. The American Bishop can now visit nearly every congregation in his diocese in swiftly moving and comfortable railroad cars. But visiting an American diocese fifty years ago meant something entirely different. It meant traveling on horseback or in vehicles over roads almost impassable. It meant fording or swimming streams swollen by the snows of winter or the rains of summer. It meant lodging in wretched cabins in which the accommodation was of the poorest. It meant, in not a few instances, danger to life. Twice, as we have heard, during his visitations of the diocese, Bishop Kenrick came near losing his life. Once in particular, whilst fording a stream, he would probably have been drowned were it not for the prompt and vigorous action of his traveling companion, the Rev. Thomas Cusack. One night, he and the same Rev.

Gentleman had to occupy the same room. There was but one bed in the room, and a contest arose as to who should occupy the bed. The priest insisted that the Bishop should occupy it, and the Bishop insisted that the priest should be the occupant. In a contest between a Bishop and a priest, the Bishop generally gets the upper hand. So it was in the contest between the Bishop and Father Cusack. Father Cusack had to sleep in the bed, and the Bishop slept on the floor.

During the last of the forties, the Bishop was greatly aided in the work of the diocese by his friend Rt. Rev. Edward Barron. Bishop Barron was an Irishman, and, we believe, a native of the County Waterford. He was of a distinguished family and of courtly manners, but the essence itself of kindness and affability. He had been Vicar-Apostolic in the colony of Liberia, in Africa. He came to St. Louis in 1845, and, during his stay, visited many congregations of the diocese, doing everywhere the work of an Evangelist. In the latter part of 1849, he retired to Florida, where he spent the remaining years of his life. In the summer of 1854, the yellow fever was raging in Savannah, Ga. Bishop Barron left his safe and comfortable home at Jacksonville, and came to the assistance of Bishop Gartland of Savannah. The two Bishops labored heroically, ministering to the spiritual wants of those afflicted with the dread disease, and both died martyrs of charity.

In regard to the devoted Bishop Barron we received the following from Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, Bishop of Savannah, Ga.

CATHEDRAL, SAVANNAH, GA., }
July, 28th, 1891. }

REV. DEAR SIR:

Our Vicar-General asks me to find certain facts for you in reference to Dr. Barron, who died here in September, 1854.

He had been performing the duty of a missionary, his chief field of labor being in Florida and residence Jacksonville.

At Bishop Gartland's call for help in Savannah, he came at once; attended the sick and the dying; contracted the fever and died like a hero. One does not need to pray for the repose of the soul of such men.

In Bishop Gartland's last notes, evidently made whilst the disease was raging, I find under the head of August 23rd and 25th—and he puts under these dates, I think,—“M. A.

Frenaye giving him an account of our situation—yellow fever—asking prayers of our friends.” 29th, “Mention that Dr. Barron is at present with us aiding us in these sad times.”

1854,

Sept. 5, “V-Rev. E. J. Sourin——.”

That is the last entry, evidently unfinished, made by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gartland, the first Bishop of Savannah who died on the 20th of September, 1854.

The exact date of Bishop Barron's death is September 12th. His name was Edward; his folks resided at Grange Lodge, Waterford.

With high regards for your Venerable Archbishop, as also for you and your work.

I am, in Domino,

† THOMAS A. BECKER,

Bishop of Savannah.

P. S.—I do not know of what See *in partibus infidelium* he was titular. There is no statement here on the matter.

† T. A. B.

To the Rev. Wm. Walsh, St. Louis. Mo.

The notes of Bishop Gartland are more or less unintelligible, but they can not be without interest since they were perhaps the last words written by the faithful Bishop who like the Good Shepherd laid down his life for his sheep.

In the life of the remarkable man whose memoirs we are writing, it is hard for us to follow the order and chronology we would like. We have to pick up dates and events here and there, and put them together in a manner that is not oftentimes to our satisfaction. We sometimes style him Bishop, sometimes Archbishop, keeping in mind the time in which the events related occurred.

On the death of Bishop Rosati, that is, on the 25th of September, 1843, Bishop Kenrick became technically or properly so-called Bishop of St. Louis. Up to that time he had only been Coadjutor and Administrator of the Diocese. In May 1843, he started and edited the *Catholic Cabinet and Chronicle of Religious Intelligence*. It was a monthly magazine and an excellent periodical, containing articles on various religious topics, criticism, poetry and religious intelligence. It was hard in those times, when the Catholics were few and poor, to continue a Catholic religious periodical of any sort for any length of time. Accordingly the *Catholic Cabinet*, like

many of its predecessors and successors, terminated its existence at the commencement of a third volume.

In 1847, St. Louis was erected into an Archdiocese, and Bishop Kenrick became its first Archbishop. No suffragans, however, were assigned him at the time, as it was in contemplation to erect at no distant day other Archdioceses. On Sunday, the 3rd of September, 1848, he received from the hands of his Rt. Rev. Brother, Bishop of Philadelphia, the pallium or the sacred badge of his rank as Archbishop. The ceremony took place in St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, the same church in which about seven years previously he received Episcopal consecration.

On the 20th of May, 1842, he ordained priest in the Barrens' Church the Rev. James Tiernan. Father Tiernan was the first priest ordained by him in the diocese. He belonged to the Community of the Lazarists. He did not survive his ordination long, dying in this city in the course of a few years. On the 25th of August, 1842, he ordained in the same Barren's Church the Rev. Joseph Kuenster, the Rev. Patrick McCabe, and the Rev. Thomas Cusack. They also have died, the two first mentioned many years ago, the last mentioned on the 28th of February, 1887.

We received the following kind note from Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bessonies, V. G., of Indianapolis, Ind., in answer to a letter of inquiry:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., AUGUST 12TH, 1891.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Your favor of the 8th inst. just received. Your Archbishop was not here at the consecration of Bishop De St. Palais, but attended the funeral of Bishop Bazin. At that time the clergy of Vincennes met and agreed to recommend Father De St. Palais for successor. Bishop Kenrick to whom that agreement was made known, promised to do what he could to have him appointed, and succeeded.

Bishop De St. Palais was consecrated by Bishop Miles of Nashville, assisted by Bishop Spalding of Louisville and Father Dupontavice of this Diocese.

Very Respectfully,

AUG. BESSONIES, V. G.

To the Rev. Wm. Walsh, St. Louis.

On the 11th of February, 1849, the Archbishop performed his first Episcopal consecration. On that day, he con-

secrated Rt. Rev. James O. Van de Velde, Bishop of Chicago. The consecration took place in the old College Church. Bishop Van de Velde was a Jesuit and had for a long time been connected as officer and Professor with the St. Louis University. After more than four years and a half Bishop Van de Velde was transferred from Chicago to Natchez, Miss., in which latter place he died on the 13th of November, 1855.

During the last week of August, 1850, the Archbishop held his first Diocesan Synod. During the Synod, various statutes were enacted looking to the spiritual government of clergy and people of the diocese. It seems that the Archbishop felt satisfied that he had exhausted the requirements of legislation, as no Synod has been held since. Forty-four priests were present at the Synod. Of these priests, as far as we could ascertain, only four survive. Two of them, Rev. Dennis Byrne and Rev. F. X. Weis, the latter, pastor at Ste. Genevieve, the former, chaplain of the Nazareth Convent of the Sisters of St Joseph, are still in the diocese.

About September, 1850, the Archbishop originated and for a time edited the *Shepherd of the Valley*, a weekly Catholic paper. The paper was a revival of a paper of the same name carried on about twelve years previously in the days of Bishop Rosati. On the 15th of August, 1851, Robert A. Bakewell, Esq., who had been editing a Catholic paper in Pittsburgh, came to St. Louis at the solicitation of the Archbishop, and became editor of the *Shepherd of the Valley* and subsequently its proprietor. The paper ceased to exist about the middle of June, 1854. The cessation of *The Shepherd* was a real loss to Catholic literature. Few, if any, papers had been more ably edited. An important fact in connection with *The Shepherd of the Valley* was the mistaken meaning attached to the words (we quote from memory): "When the Catholic religion shall have become the religion of the country, religious toleration will come to an end. So say our religious adversaries, so say we." And then the learned editor went on to explain his meaning, which was to the effect that the unlimited religious license which attacked the very foundations of religion and society, could not be tolerated by a Church that professed to be the unerring Church of Jesus Christ. Still, notwithstanding Mr. Bakewell's explanation, quite a deal of religious venom was

exhibited by the non-Catholic press of the country over what he had written. The Archbishop was held responsible for it. Even the attention of the United States Senate was called to it by one of the members of that body. Senator Mallory of Florida, a Catholic, explained the matter to his fellow Senators, as best he could, but what he said in explanation, we cannot say.

For a short time during the fall of 1850, the Archbishop taught the class of Dogmatic Theology in the Diocesan Seminary at that time located at Carondelet. He was not, however, a very great success as a professor. He was too gentle to make a good professor. If you did not know the lesson he would say it himself, and thus little or no impression would be left upon your mind. Besides, they say that very able men seldom make good professors. They see things so easily themselves that they cannot understand why others should not be able to do the same, and thus they fail to elucidate and simplify what to many are real difficulties.

In the beginning of November, he went to Bardstown, Ky., and on the 10th of the month consecrated Rt. Rev. John McGill, Bishop of Richmond, Va. The consecration ceremonies were performed in St. Joseph's Church, Bardstown. This church was the Cathedral of the diocese when Bardstown was an Episcopal See. It was the church in which the brother of the Archbishop had long officiated as a priest. It is still in a state of almost perfect preservation, and is much admired for its simple beauty. The Jesuits had charge of it at the time, and also of the adjacent St. Joseph's College. Bishop McGill died after a long and useful life on January 14th, 1872.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. John B. Miede came next in the order of Episcopal consecrations performed by the Archbishop. Bishop Miede's consecration took place in the College Church, St. Louis, on the 25th of March, 1851. He was consecrated Bishop of Messenia and Vicar-Apostolic of Kansas. Like Bishop Van de Velde, he had been a Jesuit, and like him had been connected with the St. Louis University. After many years of hard and faithful service as Vicar-Apostolic, he resigned and returned to his order. He died on the 21st of July, 1884 in Detroit, Mich.

In May, 1852, the Archbishop attended the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, over which his brother, promoted the

preceding year to the See of Baltimore, presided as Apostolic Delegate. More than twenty Bishops attended this Council. Father O'Reagan, then President of the St. Louis Diocesan Seminary, after returning from the Council where he had assisted as theologian, said, in his dry, decisive way, that no one of the Bishops there was the equal of Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick.

Towards the end of July, 1853, he went to Milwaukee to assist at the dedication of Bishop Henni's new and beautiful Cathedral Church. Here he met Archbishops Hughes and Purcell and Monsignor Bedini. The dedication was performed by the last mentioned. Monsignor Bedini was an Italian Prelate. He came here from Brazil whither he had been sent as Papal Nuncio. His stay here was during the great Know-Nothing excitement, and he became the object of the most intense hostility from the Infidel and anti-Catholic portion of the people. His life was threatened by a band of fanatics. He returned to Europe in 1854.

For many years the Archbishop was a great stay-at-home. He seldom left the diocese, and when he did, it was only on the most urgent business. It was an opinion of his that traveling spoiled a man. But when, owing to the solicitations of a Rt. Rev. Friend he began to travel himself, he changed or at least modified this opinion. He then said that really the man that does not travel knows nothing. Pope may have had something like this in his mind when he wrote the well-known verse.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

On the 25th of July, 1854, in the St. Louis Cathedral, the Archbishop officiated at the consecration of his old friend and former fellow student in Maynooth College, the Rt. Rev. Anthony O'Reagan, Bishop of Chicago. Very Rev. James Duggan, one of the Vicars-General of the diocese, preached on the occasion. The consecration took place on a week day and not very many were in attendance. Bishop O'Reagan came to the Archdiocese of St. Louis on December 15th, 1849. He was President of the Diocesan Seminary until his consecration. His previous studious and retired habits had more or less unfitted him for the active and difficult work of a Bishop of a great American diocese. In 1858, he was transferred by the

Holy See to Dora. He spent the rest of his life in England and Ireland. He died on the 13th of November, 1855, the day on which, thirteen years previously, had died his immediate predecessor in Chicago, Bishop Van de Velde.

II.

Two Provincial Councils have been held in St. Louis. The first began on the 7th, and ended on the 14th of October, 1855. The second began on the 5th, and ended on the 12th of September, 1858. At both Councils the Archbishop presided as Metropolitan, and the Bishops of the Province assisted either in person or by their delegates. Another Council was called by the Archbishop for May, 1861, but the great civil war was just beginning, and the Archbishop thought it better to postpone the holding of the Council. Since that time no Provincial Council has been held in St. Louis. Indeed, the custom of holding Provincial Councils seems to have become more or less obsolete in the other provinces of the United States, and therefore, our own province is not so much of an anomaly as it would appear. So many are the facilities of communication at the present day, that the necessity for Synods of the priests and Councils of the Bishops is by no means so great as in times gone by.

On the 3rd of May, 1857, the Archbishop consecrated in the Cathedral his first Coadjutor, the Rt. Rev. James Duggan, Bishop of Antigone, *in partibus infidelium* with the right of succession. Bishop Duggan had been Administrator of the Diocese of Chicago just previous to the consecration of Bishop O'Reagan, and one of the Vicars-General of the Diocese of St. Louis. He remained as Coadjutor to the Archbishop for about thirteen months, when he returned to Chicago as Administrator. He filled the office of Administrator until his promotion to the See of Chicago on the 21st of January, 1859. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and of many and varied acquirements, being especially noted as a scholarly man and effective preacher. He had never been a man of robust health. In March, 1869, his health failed him completely, and he was retired from the administration of the Diocese of Chicago. He still survives.

Along with Bishop Duggan, was consecrated Rt. Rev. Clement Smith, Coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Matthias Loras, Bishop of Dubuque. He had been a monk of the severe order of the Trappists. If we mistake not he was one of the founders of the Priory of New Melleray, twelve miles southwest of Dubuque, Io. On the 19th of February, 1858, on the death of the Venerable Bishop Loras, he became Bishop of the diocese of Dubuque. After a comparatively short Episcopate, he died on the 23rd of September, 1865, leaving after him the character of an amiable and virtuous prelate.

In 1859, three Bishops were consecrated in the St. Louis Cathedral, the Archbishop acting as consecrator. The Bishops consecrated were Rt. Rev. James Whelan, Rt. Rev. James O'Gorman and Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace. The first two were consecrated on Sunday, May 8th, the last on July 24th. Of what See Bishop Whelan was consecrated titular Bishop, we have not ascertained. However, on the death of Bishop Miles on the 1st of February, 1860, he became Bishop of Nashville, if he was not such already. He was a Dominican. After governing the Diocese of Nashville for about four years he resigned and retired to a convent of his order. He died in 1878. By those who knew him best, he was regarded as a man of a high order of intellect and a learned theologian.

Bishop O'Gorman was a monk of the Trappist order and a fellow religious of Bishop Smith in the Iowa Monastery of New Melleray. He was consecrated Bishop of Raphanea and Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska. He was of great amiability of character and much above the average as a preacher. He died on the 4th of July, 1874.

Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace was the immediate successor of the Apostolic Bishop Cretin of St. Paul, Minn. Like Bishop Whelan he had been a Dominican and had for some time been stationed at St. Peter's church, Memphis, Tenn. He was an excellent preacher. After a long and faithful service in St. Paul, he resigned his diocese into the hands of his Coadjutor, Bishop Ireland, and was, in recognition of his worth, raised a few years ago to the Archiepiscopal dignity. He still survives and lives in the same house with his former Coadjutor.

During the war, his usual prudence did not desert Archbishop Kenrick. Unlike several other Catholic Prelates he

gave no public expression to his sympathies. But by those who were more or less in his confidence, it was pretty well known that his sympathies were with the South. We do not know that he went the entire length of the Calhoun doctrine of the Right of Secession, but we do know that he condemned the war not only as inexpedient, but as unjustifiable. For the sufferings of the Negro slave he was full of compassion, as what true Christian philanthropist was not? But he did not think that immediate emancipation would be a remedy for those sufferings. He thought that immediate emancipation would be a curse rather than a blessing. And at this day, with the experience of more than a quarter of a century to go by, some of our best political economists would hesitate to say he was wrong. During the first two years of the war, he abstained entirely from preaching, so difficult was it during those exciting times, for a man in his position to preach or speak in public. As an instance of how easy it was in those times for a man to be misconstrued and misrepresented, Father Hennessy, long a resident of this city and a well remembered Lazarist, preached in St. Vincent's Church on Ascension Thursday, 1862. A clergyman, who heard the sermon entirely through and who could not have been mistaken, told us that there was not one word in the sermon that could have had a political significance. Yet Father Hennessy was represented as having preached in favor of Secession.

The death of his Most Rev. Brother in the beginning of July, 1863, was a great shock to the Archbishop. As far as the public could see, there had never been any great communication between them. During the long years of their Episcopates they had visited each other but very seldom, and from a remark made by the Archbishop just before his brother's death, we would infer that even their written correspondence was not great. Still they were devotedly attached. On the night of the 7th of July, 1863, the Archbishop of Baltimore retired apparently in his usual health. It was his habit to rise at quite an early hour. As it was perceived on the morning of the 8th that he was remaining in his bed room after his usual hour, some one went to call him, and then it was discovered that the great and good Prelate had departed this life. A dispatch was sent to St. Louis bearing the sad

intelligence. But the dispatch did not reach its destination until after the hour the Archbishop, as was his wont, had gone out to spend the night at the Clay farm near Calvary Cemetery. No one at the Archbishop's city residence knew what the dispatch contained, and the consequence was that the Archbishop knew nothing of his brother's death until he returned from the country next morning. The sad news was broken to him in this wise. He had gone to St. John's Church for the purpose of saying the eight o'clock Mass. Rev. Patrick T. Ring, who was then acting pastor of St. John's Church, had seen in a morning paper what was contained in the dispatch of the previous day, but not wishing to disturb the Archbishop before his Mass by informing him of it, he merely asked, "Archbishop, can you say Mass for my intention?" "Yes," said the Archbishop, "I can." When the Archbishop had finished his Mass and returned to the sacristy, "Archbishop," said Father Ring once more, "the Mass you said was for your brother, the Archbishop of Baltimore. The papers bring the news of his death." "Oh! poor man," said the Archbishop, and then went back into the sanctuary to make his thanksgiving and pray for the soul of the deceased. Those who went to condole with the Archbishop in his great loss, were surprised at the deep sense of grief that he manifested. But why should they have been surprised, seeing that he had lost the companion of his youth, the counsellor of his manhood, the brother to whom he was attached by so many endearing ties. Not only in private but in public, did the Archbishop manifest his grief, breaking down completely when at the Mass of Requiem he began to read the prayers of absolution. Circumstances were such as to prevent him from attending the funeral, but he went to the Month's Mind, at which an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Francis E. Boyle of Washington.

In the month of June, 1865, the celebrated, some called it the infamous, Drake Constitution became by the vote of the people a law of the State. It was called the Drake Constitution because Charles D. Drake, a prominent lawyer of St. Louis, was its principal author. The Constitution was one of the effects—the bad effects—of the war. It was objectionable in many respects, but in no respect more objectionable than

in requiring all ministers of the Gospel to qualify themselves for certain duties of their ministry, by taking, what was termed, the Test Oath. For instance, it prohibited clergymen from preaching the Gospel and marrying their people without taking the following oath:

"I——, do solemnly swear, that I am well acquainted with the terms of the third section of the second article of the Constitution of the State of Missouri, adopted in the year 1865, and have carefully considered same; that I have never, directly or indirectly, done any of the acts in said section specified; that I have been always truly and loyally on the side of the United States against all enemies thereof, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and will support the Constitution and the laws thereof as the supreme law of the land, any law or ordinance of any State to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will, to the best of my ability, protect and defend the Union of the United States, and not allow the same to be broken up and dissolved, or the government thereof to be destroyed or overthrown, under any circumstances if in my power to prevent it; that I will support the Constitution of the State of Missouri; that I make this oath without any mental reservation or evasion, and hold it to be binding on me." (This oath must be taken according to Art. III., Sec. 9): "Nor after that time shall any person be competent as a bishop, priest, deacon, minister, elder, or other clergyman of any religious persuasion, sect or denomination, to teach, preach or solemnize marriages; unless such persons shall have first taken, subscribed and filed said oath."

Many of the Protestant clergymen of the State wishing doubtless to avoid the annoyance of arrest and trial, in compliance with the provisions of the law, took the Test Oath. But Archbishop Kenrick wrote a circular to all his clergy, summoning them to a conference at which he told them plainly to go on with their duties as if the Test Oath law were not in existence. So anxious was he that the protest against the law should be universal, that he wrote to one of his clergymen to come home from the East that he might occupy his pulpit on the day on which the law would go into effect. The clergy of course gladly obeyed him. Several were arrested and, with one exception, gave bonds for their appearance on the day of trial. The one exception was Rev. John A. Cummings, pastor of the little Catholic church of Louisiana, Mo. He had been arrested and taken to Bowling Green, the county seat.

But when required to give bonds he surprised the court and everyone present by saying that he would give no bonds, but would go to jail. He actually did go to jail and stayed there long enough to prove that he meant what he had said, and to bring the infamy of the Test Oath law in a most practical manner before the people of the State and the entire country. The Archbishop, knowing that the legality of the Test Oath law must be settled sooner or later, determined to make the case of the Rev. John A. Cummings a test case. He took the ground that the Test Oath law was an invasion upon the rights of conscience guaranteed every American citizen. He also took the higher grounds that if the State had the right of requiring the minister of God to take an oath qualifying him to preach, it had the right to prescribe the form of faith that he was to preach. Accordingly, he appealed the case from the Circuit Court of Pike County, to the Supreme Court of the State but, as was to be expected, this court decided against him and in favor of the legality of the Test Oath. The Judges of all the courts of Missouri were the creatures of the revolutionary faction that came into power at the close of the war, and they felt obliged of course to sustain the policy of the party that made them what they were. But the Archbishop was determined as a last resort to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, the palladium of our liberties. He did appeal, and that court decided in his favor and against the constitutionality of the Test Oath law. The expense of bringing this important matter to an issue was very great. We have heard it estimated at no less than \$10,000.00. We state it merely as a fact that the Archbishop never invited the Catholic clergy and citizens generally to aid him in carrying on this great case, though in defending the cause of Rev. John A. Cummings, he was defending the cause of religious liberty, and therefore the cause of every citizen of the United States.

In 1862, the Archbishop published a work entitled "Sacred Cosmogony," or, "Primitive Revelation Demonstrated by the Harmony of the Facts of the Mosaic History of the Creation with the Principles of General Science." The work was a translation from the French of L'Abbé a Sorignet. It was severely criticised in the pages of Brownson's Review

by Father Walworth, a priest of the Paulist Congregation, the Rev. Critic going so far as to style the author the pretentious Abbé. The work, however, as a translation, he praised in the highest terms, saying it was the work of a master hand. The translation was published anonymously. It was not a financial success, the subject being entirely too abstract for most readers.

The Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, appointed to the See of Nashville, Tenn., was the last of the Bishops consecrated in the old St. Louis Cathedral, the Archbishop officiating as consecrating Prelate. He was consecrated on the 1st of November, 1865, the Thirteenth Anniversary of his ordination as priest. Bishop Feehan made his Theological studies in Maynooth College and came here, a sub-deacon, in the middle of October, 1852. He was ordained priest by the Archbishop on the following 1st of November, the feast of All Saints. During the thirteen years that he remained in the Diocese of St. Louis, he filled various offices of honor and responsibility, among them that of President of the Diocesan Seminary and consecutively that of pastor of St. Michael's and of the Immaculate Conception Church. He governed the Diocese of Nashville for fifteen years, or until the 10th of September, 1880, when he was created the first Archbishop of Chicago. He is now about sixty-two years of age and is still hale and hearty. He is universally loved and respected by the priests, religious and people of his great diocese.

On the 30th of September, 1866, Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, who had been for many years of the Diocese of St. Louis, was consecrated Bishop of Dubuque; Iowa, by the Archbishop, in St. Raphael's Cathedral of the same city, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop Smith the preceding year. Bishop Hennessy came to St. Louis from Ireland, a student, about 1847. He made his philosophical and theological studies partly with the Lazarists at St. Vincent's Church, and partly in the Diocesan Seminary at Carondelet. He was ordained priest on the 1st of November, 1850. It may be interesting to the reader to know that among the priests who imposed hands upon him on the day of his ordination was the great Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. After exercis-

ing the functions of the ministry in New Madrid and Kirkwood in the Diocese of St. Louis, he became Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Diocesan Seminary, a position which he filled for three years. He was then President of the Seminary for one year, when he was commissioned by the Archbishop and the Suffragan Bishops to bear the Decrees of the Second Provincial Council of St. Louis to Rome. He remained away one year. For six years before his consecration, he was pastor at St. Joseph, Mo. Bishop Hennessy has always been a great reader and a great student, and is therefore a learned man. As a preacher, he is amongst the most eloquent in the country. His sermon at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore was greatly praised. Some one said in Archbishop Ryan's presence, that Bishop Hennessy's was the best sermon delivered during the Council. Archbishop Ryan, thinking that by this remark he himself was hit at or underrated, with that quickness of wit for which he is noted, remarked, "Oh, yes, Bishop Hennessy's was the best sermon preached *during* the Council. But you must remember that I preached *before* the Council." Archbishop Ryan had preached the introductory sermon.



III.

The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore was held from the 7th until the 21st of October, 1866. The Archbishop assisted at it and was, as needs not be said, one of its most influential Fathers. He was the preacher at the last public session of the Council, and the sermon he delivered on the occasion was much admired especially for its clear and solid reasoning. Andrew Johnson then President of the United States, who was one of his hearers, pronounced it the best sermon he had ever heard. The sermon was not reported as delivered, and indeed, as it reads, we have heard far better from the Archbishop.

Wishing to furnish our readers with any interesting facts that may have been connected with the consecration of our Most Rev. Archbishop, we wrote to Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, who, we heard, was present on the solemn occasion. In answer, we received the following, but not in

time to be inserted in its proper place. We insert it here, though it checks for the moment the course of our narrative. Bishop Ryan was for several years Visitor of the Lazarist Congregation and a resident priest of this diocese. He was ordained priest on the 24th of June, 1849 by the Most Rev. Archbishop.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 19TH, 1891.

REV. DEAR SIR:

In reply to your esteemed favor of the 5th inst., I regret that I can give you little information in regard to a subject in which I am deeply interested. I was indeed present at the consecration of your venerable Archbishop, but, at the time I was only a young Seminarian from St. Charles' Seminary, and knew little of the distinguished personages prominent in the ceremonies on that occasion. There for the first time I saw the illustrious and eloquent Bishop England, preacher on the occasion, and Bishop Rosati, C. M., first Bishop of St. Louis, consecrator. The distinguished Prelate, Monsignor Forbin Jansen, who about that time went through this country, preaching in behalf of the Holy Childhood, and Bishop F. P. Kenrick, worthy and illustrious and learned brother of your worthy Archbishop, and Bishop Lefèvre of Detroit, consecrated a few days before in St. John's Church by Rt. Rev. F. P. Kenrick, were there. The consecration of the then young and much loved rector of St. Mary's Church, took place in St. Mary's Church, and the only circumstance in connection with it, which I remember now is that the ladies of the congregation with whom the zealous and devoted rector was a great favorite, felt disposed to take umbrage at the strong and earnest and as they thought severe language in which the forcible and eloquent preacher addressed their beloved pastor in regard to the duties and solemn obligations of his grave and responsible charge.

Sorry that I am not able to give you some interesting details, I beg to remain, in hope of sharing with the clergy and people of St. Louis in the festivities of this remarkable Jubilee.

Your Humble Servant and Devoted Friend,

† S. V. RYAN,

Rev. Wm. Walsh.

Bishop of Buffalo.

The 30th of November, 1866, marked an epoch in the Archbishop's life. It was the day of his Silver Jubilee as Bishop. Owing to the fact that it was known that the Archbishop was averse to any public display, there was only a partial celebration of the anniversary. The clergy presented him

with a canonical suit both costly and beautiful, and the German Catholics honored him with a torchlight procession. The English-speaking Catholic laity did nothing in the way of celebrating the anniversary, because of the reason above mentioned—the aversion of the Archbishop to any display in his honor. Indeed, we have heard that he wished to decline the honor given him by the Germans in their torchlight procession. But preparations had so far advanced, that it was impossible to prevent their being carried out.

In 1867, he paid his first visit to Rome since his consecration as Bishop. He visited the Eternal City for the purpose of uniting with the Catholic Episcopacy of the world, in the celebration of the Eighteen Hundredth Anniversary of the Martyrdom of St. Peter. He remained away for more than a year, visiting several parts of Europe. He did not of course neglect to visit his own dear native Ireland. Whilst in Dublin, he was the recipient of many marks of affectionate respect from the friends of his youth and first years of his priesthood. Father O'Dwyer, his former pastor, was so overjoyed to see him that he embraced him with the forgetful familiarity of the days of his curacy. Whilst in Dublin, he preached in one of the churches of the city. In his sermon he used the remarkable words,—“that whilst other nations had given many martyrs to the Church, Ireland was *the* Martyr Nation in the world.” The saying was so remarkable that it was cabled to this country next day. On his return to St. Louis, he was the recipient of an ovation, the greatest that the Catholics of St. Louis had ever given to any man, if we except those given to our present Holy Father and to Pius IX. Members from all the parishes and all the Catholic societies of the city joined in the welcoming procession. We forgot to state in its proper place that on the occasion of his visit to Rome, there was a formal protest of the assembled Bishops against the despoiling of the Pope of the greater part of his temporal dominions, and a declaration that in order to preserve the freedom of the Church the temporal power was necessary.

In 1868, the Archbishop consecrated two more of the priests of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Melcher, Bishop of Green Bay, Wis., and Rt. Rev. John J. Hogan, Bishop of St. Joseph, Mo. Bishop Melcher was consecrated in St.

Mary's Church, this city, on the 12th of July, and Bishop Hogan in St. John's, on the 13th of September. Bishop Melcher was by birth an Austrian and came to this country, a priest, about 1843. He was stationed for a time at Little Rock, Ark., and was afterwards pastor of a German congregation down on the Meramec River, about ten miles southwest of St. Louis. About 1847, he was removed to St. Louis by the Archbishop and was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church and Vicar-General of the diocese. These positions he held until his consecration as Bishop. We heard that in 1851, his name was spoken of in connection with the See of Philadelphia, made vacant by the promotion of Bishop Kenrick to the See of Baltimore. In the fall of 1853, he was appointed Bishop of the new See of Quincy, Ill., but declined the appointment. After the brief Episcopate of a little more than five years and five months, he died on the 20th of December, 1873. Bishop Melcher was a just man and a model clergyman.

Rt. Rev. John Hogan came to this country from Ireland, a student, about 1848. He made his philosophical and theological studies in the Diocesan Seminary at Carondelet. He was an excellent student, one of the best, if not the best that ever passed through that Seminary. He was ordained priest by the Archbishop on Easter Saturday, the 10th of April, 1852. Five others were ordained with him, none of whom, as far as we know, are now alive. He never filled any important positions in the diocese, and was very little known to the priests and Bishops of the country. Perhaps no man was ever elevated to the dignity of the Episcopate so unexpectedly to himself and others. For years he labored in poor country missions, and with a zeal that has not been and will not be forgotten by those to whom he ministered. When at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, the Archbishop spoke of him as a fit and proper person to fill the new See of St. Joseph, some one asked,—“But, who is Father Hogan?” “O, I know who he is,” answered the Archbishop. He remained Bishop of St. Joseph twelve years, when, on September 10th, 1880, he was promoted to the new and more important See of Kansas City.

The Archbishop paid his second visit to Rome in the fall

of 1869. His visit this time was for the purpose of attending the Vatican Council, convoked by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., to meet on the 8th of December of the same year. The Council was one of the largest assemblies of which ecclesiastical history speaks. It consisted of nearly nine hundred Bishops, and it is no exaggeration to say that in that vast assemblage the Archbishop was one of the most prominent and learned. The questions that agitated the great Council were the truth of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility and the opportuneness of declaring this doctrine an article of faith. It is well known that the Archbishop was opposed to the declaration of the doctrine, expressing himself candidly and fully on the subject. He was of the opinion that the interests of religion would be best subserved by not agitating the question at all, but leaving it where Divine Providence had left it for so many centuries. In this opinion he was by no means alone, having on his side some of the most distinguished Fathers of the Council,—men like Archbishops McHale and Darboy, and Bishops Von Kettler and Strossmaier. But when the Council had passed upon the question adversely to his views, he had but to submit, as he did, his judgment to the teaching of the Council and the Universal Church.

The Vatican Council was dissolved on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war in July, 1870. The Archbishop, however, remained in Europe the rest of the Summer, the Autumn and the Winter, returning to St. Louis the following Spring. On his return an address was read by the Vicar-General, Very Rev. P. J. Ryan, in St. John's Church, in the presence of many of the secular and regular clergy of the diocese. The Archbishop responded feelingly, saying in substance: "To that portion of the address which refers to myself personally, I have nothing to say. But to that part which refers to my course in the Vatican Council, I have this to say: before leaving here I always held it as a theological opinion that the Pope when speaking *ex cathedra* was infallible. But during the discussion of the subject in the Council, questions arose before my mind which gave rise to difficulties which I thought at the time were not answered. But now that the Council has decided differently and that the Bishops who were with me in opposition to the dogma have all given in their adhesion to

the teaching of the Church, I have only to say with St. Peter, 'Lord, to whom shall we go; thou hast the words of eternal life;' or with St. Paul, 'O Church, thou art the pillar and the ground of truth.' "

By those that saw most of him, it was feared that, under the weight of years and responsibilities, his health, which had always been so excellent, was beginning to fail. Naturally the need of a Coadjutor suggested itself. And as the person to fill the office the thoughts of the priests of the diocese with few exceptions turned towards the Very Rev. P. J. Ryan, the pastor of St. John's Church and one of the Vicars-General of the diocese. Indeed, we do not know that the name of any one else was seriously spoken of, or even seriously thought of for the Coadjutorship. He had every qualification for the office. A man of commanding presence and high position, he had, however, none of that haughty reserve that, hateful in all men, is especially hateful in the clergyman. He had been long a priest of the diocese, and by the fame of his eloquence and the integrity of his character had won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Father Ryan had made his ecclesiastical studies at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, Ireland, and had come to this country in the fall of 1852. He had received sub-deaconship before leaving Carlow College. He and Archbishop Feehan had come to St. Louis within a day of each other, though neither knew of the other's coming. It is certainly worthy of note that they had come, both of them sub-deacons, almost together to the same diocese and that they should afterwards have attained the dignity of Archbishop. He had to wait almost a year before attaining the age when even by a dispensation he could become priest. Even before he became a priest he had entered upon that career of eloquence, which has made his name famous in Europe and America. He was ordained deacon May 21st, 1853, and priest on the 8th of September following, the Archbishop officiating on both occasions. Shortly after his ordination he was appointed assistant at the Cathedral, a position which he held until the December of 1860, when he assumed the pastorate of the Annunciation, which church he himself erected and of which he was pastor until his promotion, in July, 1868, to the pastorate of St. John's and the Vicar-Generalship of the dio-

cese. He was Administrator of the diocese from the fall of 1869 till the Spring of 1871, that is, during the absence of the Archbishop in Europe. At an informal meeting of several prominent clergymen of the diocese held on October 9th, 1871, it was resolved that Rome should be petitioned for the appointment of Father Ryan to the Coadjutorship. A petition to that effect was gotten up and numerously signed, but for some cause or other was not sent. It had, however, the effect intended. The authorities at Rome, hearing that such a petition had been written were as much influenced by it as if they had received it, and in the early spring of 1872, the Rt. Rev. P. J. Ryan received the Bulls, appointing him Bishop of Tricomia, *in partibus infidelium*, and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis with the right of succession. He was consecrated by the Archbishop in St. John's Church on the 14th of April following, the second Sunday after Easter, or as it is sometimes called the Sunday of the Good Shepherd. Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque preached the consecration sermon. Many Bishops from abroad were present, among them Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, Canada, and Bishop Ryan's namesake and very dear friend, Bishop Ryan of Buffalo. Bishop Ryan entered at once upon the work laid out for him as Coadjutor, and as we need not add persevered in it and performed it with great zeal and great success. His Coadjutorship lasted for more than twelve years. During those more than twelve years, the Archbishop lived almost entirely retired from the public. Save officiating and preaching a short discourse at the funeral of James H. Lucas, the well remembered banker and millionaire, to whose sister, Mrs. Hunt, the diocese was perhaps more indebted than to any other individual, he did not appear at any other public function. He was not, however, unoccupied. Bishop Ryan visited the diocese, dedicated the churches, administered Confirmation, and ordained the candidates for Holy Orders, but all the while the Archbishop was the real head and ruler of the diocese. Perhaps no two men were ever better fitted to carry on a common work. Such was their mutual respect and mutual confidence that a serious misunderstanding or disagreement was well nigh an impossibility. The one commanded as was his right, the other obeyed as was his duty. Whilst things were thus going on

harmoniously and successfully for the best interests of religion in the diocese, a change took place. It took place quite suddenly. Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia died on the 20th of June, 1883. During the months immediately succeeding the death of Archbishop Wood, few if any thought of Bishop Ryan as the probable or even the possible successor to the deceased Archbishop. Bishop Ryan, by a ministry of more than thirty years, had so identified himself with the diocese of St. Louis that his removal would have been regarded as one of the most unlikely of occurrences. Besides, among the Bishops and priests of the East, there would have been no difficulty in finding a worthy successor to Archbishop Wood. But Bishop Ryan had influential friends. In due time these friends set to work for him and worked so effectively and so quietly that before very many knew that a movement was on foot looking to his promotion to the vacant See of Philadelphia, his appointment to the See was actually effected.

In 1883, there was a meeting of the American Archbishops summoned by His Holiness Leo XIII. to consider the question whether or not the time had come when Canon Law should become the law for the Church of the United States. At this meeting Bishop Ryan was present as the representative of the Archbishop of St. Louis, and, no doubt, by his eloquence and prudence made a very favorable impression upon the Roman authorities. This we know to be a true account of the promotion of Bishop Ryan. In addition we give the following. Whilst the See of Philadelphia was still vacant, there appeared in the public prints a news item to the effect that Bishop Ryan was appointed to Philadelphia. Very Rev. Father O'Connell, President of the American College in Rome, seeing the item and having a personal interest in the matter, called on Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, to ascertain its truth. The Cardinal said at once there was no truth in it, and that the item must have originated from the fact that an Irish priest by the name of Ryan had been appointed to the See of Philippiopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, and a Vicariate in Australia. "But," added the Cardinal, "the appointment of Bishop Ryan to the See of Philadelphia would be excellent, I will speak of it and recommend it to the Cardinals." The Cardinal was as good as his word, and the ap-

pointment of Bishop Ryan to the See of Philadelphia was the result. When the news of Bishop Ryan's appointment reached the clergy and people of St. Louis, their surprise was indeed great. But the surprise of the Archbishop must have been especially great, since he was more concerned in the matter than any one else. Yet he gave no sign of surprise. When Bishop Ryan waited on him with the intelligence, he merely said, "Accept." It seems that the Archbishop knew nothing of the efforts that were being made towards the removal of Bishop Ryan. Many years previously Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati inquired if he would have any objection to Bishop Ryan's, then Father Ryan, filling the vacant See of Louisville. "Yes," answered the Archbishop very promptly, "I have every objection," and the matter was dropped. In like manner, we believe that had he known of the efforts looking to Bishop Ryan's promotion to Philadelphia, he could and would have checked them. It seems that Bishop Ryan himself knew nothing of those efforts until his appointment was an accomplished fact. The Bulls authorizing his promotion did not come for some time after he received news of the appointment. Whilst awaiting the arrival of the Bulls, it happened that some one asked,—“Archbishop, when are your Bulls to arrive?” “Really,” answered the Archbishop, “I don't know. I guess they must be grazing on the Alps.” When a priest of the diocese and a great admirer of Archbishop Ryan heard this he said, but as we think with a plentiful lack of wit,—“And when the Bulls had got through their grazing and had come on to St. Louis, Archbishop Ryan did not take them by the horns and turn them off. Not much. He comfortably seated himself between the horns and rode off to Philadelphia.” It was said at the time that in sending Archbishop Ryan to Philadelphia, St. Louis was doing no more than paying a just debt,—a debt which she contracted more than forty years previously by Philadelphia sending her Rt. Rev. P. R. Kenrick. Whether or not the debt has been paid we will not undertake to decide. We believe, however, that so far Philadelphia is satisfied. On the departure of Archbishop Ryan, every one said that the Archbishop would ask for and get another Coadjutor with the least possible delay. Everyone said that if he needed a Coadjutor twelve years previously,

he certainly needed one at that present time. But as the event proved, in this everyone was mistaken. He did not ask for, neither did he want a Coadjutor. He had done, it seems, with Coadjutors. He is said to have remarked to the late Bishop O'Connor of Omaha, in his calm and good humored way, there was nothing that he feared so much as a Coadjutor. He would in future do his own work. And to the surprise of everyone, he came forth from his retirement, re-invigorated and, as it were, rejuvenated, and girded with the sword of the spirit went forth once more to fight the battles of the Lord. Though he had gone far beyond the limits which the Psalmist assigns as the end of manly life, he resumed all the work of a Bishop of a diocese with the same vigor with which away back in 1842 he began his long and extraordinary career as one of the really great Bishops of the country. He visited every part of the diocese, confirmed great numbers of children, and did all the work implied in an Episcopal visitation. Since his resumption of the active duties incumbent upon the head of the diocese, he has confirmed at least six thousand children every year. Besides, he has ordained fifty-five priests, and conferred Sacred Orders on nearly, if not more, than one hundred. But along with this and more than this, he has done what Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa, called the head-work of the diocese. The reader will have some idea of the labor he has undergone, when we state that the Diocese of St. Louis embraces an area as large as all Ireland, that it has two hundred and seventeen churches, twenty-four stations and fifty-five chapels and a Catholic population of at least two hundred and fifty thousand. In the summer of 1886 the Archbishop went to Baltimore and invested with the insignia of Cardinal the Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Since the departure of Archbishop Ryan, he has had the happiness of consecrating as Bishops two more of his priests. On the 30th of November, 1887, the Forty-sixth Anniversary of the day made memorable by his own consecration, he consecrated in St. John's Church, St. Louis, Rt. Rev. Thomas Bonacum, Bishop of Lincoln, Neb., Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque preaching the sermon. Bishop Bonacum was born in Ireland, but came to America when quite young. He

went through his ecclesiastical course at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and at the Seminary of St. Francis, near Milwaukee, Wis. As a student he was diligent and upright and as a consequence was highly respected by his professors and fellow-students. Father S. Lavizeri, the well known Lazarist and Professor of Theology for many years, told a priest whom we know well whilst Bishop Bonacum was still a student, that he would not be surprised if he would one day be a Bishop. Bishop Bonacum has a large field wherein to exercise his zeal. We wish him sincerely many years of happiness and usefulness.

In 1888, and on the same ever-to-be-remembered day, the 30th of November, the Archbishop consecrated also in St. John's Church, the Rt. Rev. John J. Hennessy, Bishop of Wichita, Kansas, the eloquent Bishop Spalding of Peoria preaching the sermon. Like Bishop Bonacum he is a native of Ireland, and like the same Rt. Rev. Brother he made his clerical course at Cape Girardeau, and St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee. After serving effectively as pastor of the Catholic church at Iron Mountain, he received the well deserved promotion of pastor of St. John's in St. Louis. There he labored faithfully during the six years immediately preceding his consecration. We and everyone that knows him sincerely wish him *ad multos annos*.



IV.

In what we have now to say in regard to the religious communities which have labored so long and zealously in the Diocese of St. Louis, it may be thought that we are digressing from our subject. But we are not. If we would recount what the religious communities have done in the causes of education, charity and religion, we would be only recounting in a certain sense what the Archbishop has himself done in those great causes. Not only in his being the head of the diocese, but also in the encouragement that he has given those communities, he has been to a great extent the inspiration of all the good works performed therein that have blessed the city and Diocese of St. Louis. This is only as our readers will perceive another way of expressing the old prin-

ciple of the schools,—“*Qui facit per alium, facit per se,*”—“He who does a work by another, does it himself.”

When the Archbishop came to St. Louis in 1841, he found two religious communities of men, the Jesuits and the Lazarists. Even that early, the Jesuits had a flourishing institution of learning, the never-to-be-forgotten St. Louis University. And their zeal in administering to the spiritual wants of the people was as great then as the people of our time recognize it to be. Down at the Barrens, the Lazarists were laboring in the two great objects of their institute, the salvation of the poor and the education of the clergy. Besides, the Jesuits and Lazarists did nearly all the missionary duties of the diocese, the secular clergy being very few in number. The St. Louis University, of which we have just spoken, was located first on the grounds, on 9th Street between Green Street and Washington Avenue, extending nearly to 11th Street. Here also was the dear old College Church enshrined in the memory of the early English speaking Catholics of St. Louis. In course of time, the growth of the city and the encroachments of trade compelled the Jesuits to seek a more favorable location. This location they found on the corner of Grand and Lindell Avenues. Here they have finished a magnificent university building and laid the foundation of a church that will be one of the finest in the city. On the corner of 11th and Biddle Streets they have a magnificent church and an immense congregation of German Catholics. They have also charge of congregations at St. Charles and Florissant. Their congregations are among the largest in the diocese. At the latter place, they have their celebrated Novitiate, which has given to the Western Church so many distinguished men. The Lazarists have a house of education at the Barrens, the Mother House of the Community; also a seminary and college at Cape Girardeau. They have a beautiful church in this city. Members of the Community are nearly always engaged in giving missions.

About 1849, the Archbishop received the Christian Brothers into the diocese. They have labored faithfully in the great cause of education, and have succeeded admirably. They have one of the most flourishing colleges in the West, and have charge of many of the parochial schools.

In 1862, a few members of the austere Order of St. Francis began, in a very humble way, a house of their Order in the southern part of the city. This house has grown into a flourishing institution wherein they educate their candidates for the holy ministry. They have also a church, not very large but exceedingly beautiful, in which they labor zealously for the salvation of the souls committed to their charge.

In 1866, the Redemptorists came and took charge of the old Cathedral. After three years of attendance to the Cathedral parish, they built a magnificent church on Grand Avenue and established their present prosperous Community. It is not of course necessary to say that members of the Order are constantly engaged in giving missions throughout the West. The St. Louis House is what is known as the Mother House of the Western Province. They have one of the finest parish schools in the city, and are most zealous advocates of Catholic education. They have also a flourishing Novitiate in Kirkwood, about thirteen miles west of the city.

Down on what was called the Carondelet Road, and in the well known John Simond's Mansion, three Alexian Brothers with the great sum, as we have heard, of five dollars in their possession, began on September 29th, 1869, a hospital for the poor sick. They received their first patient in January, 1870. Their little hospital has grown into an institution of magnificent dimensions. These Alexian Brothers do a great deal of good. No poor sick man, no matter what may be his color, creed or nationality, is refused admission to the hospital as long as there is a vacant bed in the house. The Brothers are twenty-two in number. The life they lead is indeed most self-sacrificing. We hope that when these devoted men call upon any of our readers for assistance they will remember that they are appealed to by most faithful servants of the poor.

And last but by no means least, the Passionists, one of the most severe orders in the Church, established, on November 1st, 1884, a house of their Order out on Page and Union Avenues, about five miles from the center of the city. Like their devoted brethren of the Redemptorist Community, their principal occupation is that of giving missions. At present there are only six in the Community, which will no doubt in

due course of time increase in numbers, for which increase they have made provision by the erection of a large and spacious monastery.

First in the order of time, among the religious communities of women established in the Diocese of St. Louis, came the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. They came here to the diocese, then the diocese of New Orleans, in 1818. Up in the little village of St. Charles, not far from where the two great rivers, the Missouri and Mississippi, unite, they started their first house. It was a school for the benefit of the French settlers who founded that city. This school in the course of years developed into a splendid academy. In 1827, they founded in St. Louis down in what was called Frenchtown another academy, having received a large plat of ground from Judge Mullanphy for that purpose, as well as for the care of an orphanage. The location having in time become unsuitable for an academy of a first class character, they purchased the well known property at Maryville, and built upon it one of the first boarding schools for young ladies in the country. In addition to the academy and convent they have lately erected one of the finest and most costly chapels attached to any religious house in the country. The Sisterhood is numerous and as need not be added most devoted to their high calling.

The labors of the Sisters of Charity for the Diocese of St. Louis were obtained by Bishop Rosati through the instrumentality of Bishop Bruté. The latter was President of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, when Bishop Rosati arrived in the country. After becoming Bishop of St. Louis, Bishop Rosati applied to his old friend for some Sisters to take charge of a hospital. Mr. Bryan Mullanphy, of whom mention has been already made, donated ground for this purpose. He also gave two houses and other property yielding a revenue of six hundred dollars a year. He defrayed, moreover, the traveling expenses of the Sisters, and gave three hundred and fifty dollars to furnish the hospital. The work of the hospital was accepted and, on October 15, 1828, four Sisters left Emmetsburg, Md., for St. Louis. These Sisters of Charity were known as Mrs. Seton's Sisters, but became affiliated in 1858, with the great Community founded by St. Vincent de Paul. Besides taking care of the sick in the hospital, they were for

many years in charge of the Orphan Asylum. About 1873, they left their old hospital on 4th and Spruce Streets and entered the magnificent institution known as the Mullanphy Hospital, on Grand Avenue. They conduct, moreover, the St. Vincent's Insane Asylum, St. Vincent's Seminary for young ladies, St. Philomena's Industrial School, St. Mary's Orphan Asylum and St. Anne's Widows' Home.

Next in the order of time are the Sisters of St. Joseph. Their Mother House is situated in South St. Louis. A complete history of the development of this Community, which may be called one of the crowning glories of the Episcopate of our Archbishop, would fill a large volume. We can give only the following particulars. At the instance of Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, a colony of six Sisters of St. Joseph came from Lyons, France, to St. Louis. They arrived in St. Louis on March 24th, 1836. On April 5th following three of them opened a school in Cahokia, Ill. On September 12th they opened a school in Carondelet, in a small log cabin, on the site of the present St. Joseph's Academy. On October 1st a poor man placed his two little daughters under the Sisters at Carondelet as half orphans. This was the nucleus of the Half Orphan Asylum conducted by the Sisters for nearly fifty years. On the 15th of the same month, the Sisters took charge of two little orphan girls, thus originating the first Female Orphan Asylum established in the Diocese of St. Louis. In August, 1837, the village of Carondelet established a free school and placed it under the management of the Sisters, by whom it was conducted until the introduction of the public school system. A large Male Orphan Asylum and the Deaf and Dumb Institute are in the care of the same Sisters. They also teach in many of the parish schools in the city and are highly esteemed both by pastors and people. The Sisters of St. Joseph are indeed an admirable organization and are the most numerous Sisterhood in the diocese.

More than fifty years ago the Sisters of Loretto, founded in Kentucky by the saintly Father Nerinckx, established the first house of the Community in this diocese. It was established in the Barrens not far from the then rising St. Mary's College. It did not, however, prosper, and the Sisters saw it was better to leave the place. They did not, however, leave

the diocese, but founded houses at Cape Girardeau, Florissant and other places. Many years ago they came here to St. Louis and, besides having charge of several schools, they built and are conducting the well known Loretto Academy on Jefferson Avenue and Pine Street. They are a very numerous Community and like the Sisters of St. Joseph, are very popular with all classes of people.

Back in 1848, one of the most devoted of the female Orders of the Church, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, founded a house in St. Louis. The great charity that they practice is certainly of the most self-sacrificing nature, that of reforming the fallen of their own sex. Their first beginning was humble, indeed, but to-day, they have an institution which covers an entire block in a part of the city, where property is exceedingly valuable. They are now engaged in building a house in a more retired part of the city, where they will have more accommodations to carry out their great and noble ends. They also are a numerous Community.

In Kaskaskia, in 1844, there was a small Community of the Sisters of the Visitation. They came from the Mother House at Georgetown, D. C., over the Allegheny Mountains and settled in Kaskaskia, Ill., in 1833. The year 1844, was one of the flood years and the angry waters came surging dangerously around their dwelling. Among others the Archbishop hastened to their assistance. He saw at once that Kaskaskia was not, even under the most favorable circumstances, a suitable place for those cloistered religious. He invited them to St. Louis, and, in a very short time, they had a neat convent of their Order and a flourishing academy in the city. Like all the other female orders that are found in St. Louis, they increased rapidly in numbers and prosperity. They have now two Communities in the city,—one, their Mother House, on Cass Avenue, and the other on Washington Avenue west of Grand. Since their advent to St. Louis they have founded two other houses, one in St. Paul, Minn., and the other in Dubuque, Iowa. The Sisters of the Visitation are among the very best female educators in the country.

The Ursuline Sisters have given us the following report written by themselves which we copy in full: "This institution, founded in 1849, by about six members of the Ursuline

Order, now numbers one hundred and forty members. A flourishing academy and day school adjoins the convent in St. Louis. Similar schools were opened in 1877, in the beautiful valley of Arcadia, Iron County, Mo., by twelve religious from the St. Louis Community, and have prospered to such an extent, as to give employment to a Community of thirty now. In addition to these, thirteen schools are conducted in different parts of the diocese by religious of the same Community. The Ursulines came to St. Louis under the supervision of Rev. Father Melcher, afterwards Bishop of Green Bay, Wis."

At the solicitation of the well-remembered Jesuit, Rev. Arnold Damen, the Sisters of Mercy came to St. Louis in the summer of 1856, and opened a school for girls on Tenth and Morgan Streets. They did not, however, remain long in their first house but removed to their present location, Twenty-Second and Morgan Streets, a site having been previously given them by the Archbishop for educational purposes. After a time they converted the place into a hospital. The hospital is known as the Hospital of St. John of God and is well patronized. Indeed, their hospital on Morgan Street was not capable of accommodating the number of patients applying to be received, and they have been forced to erect another building for the more wealthy class of patients on Lucas Place and Twenty-Third Street. In their new sphere they have been most successful.

SCHOOL SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME,)
ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY 10TH, 1891. }

The first convent of the Notre Dame Sisters established in the Archdiocese of St. Louis was at St. Joseph's (German) Church. Invited by Rev. Father Patchowsky, S. J., the Sisters came from their Mother House at Milwaukee, and on May 1st, 1858, opened St. Joseph's parochial school. The first Superioress was Venerable Mother Seraphim Von Promath. In the following year, on the feast of the Holy Angels, the Notre Dame Sisters opened other schools at the churches of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Liborius and St. Lawrence O'Toole. From the latter parish they were withdrawn some years later. The Notre Dame Order claims seven Houses in the city of St. Louis, including besides those already mentioned, St. Mary's, St. John Nepomucene's, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus'. Besides these missions in the city, the Sisters have seven other convents in the Archdiocese. Alto-

gether there are one hundred and thirty-six Notre Dame Sisters engaged in teaching parochial schools in the Archdiocese. Besides the ordinary work of rudimentary education they give instruction to special classes in music, drawing, painting, etc.

* * *

HOME OF THE AGED,
22ND AND HEBERT STS. }
ST. LOUIS, JULY 5TH, 1891. }

REV. FATHER:

By the demand of His Grace, the Archbishop, we came to this diocese May 1st, 1869. There were then seven members in the Community, and now there are sixteen, and two hundred and sixty-eight poor old people in the House.

When the Little Sisters arrived at St. Louis, His Grace being informed of their arrival, came immediately to see them. "I am happy," he said "to see the work of the Little Sisters of the Poor has commenced in my city," and added, "I see the good it will do and the benediction that Almighty God will bestow on this mission." And His Grace would do all he could to assist us. One month after, His Grace Monseigneur made us the second visit, and was so astonished to see the Home furnished where he had seen nothing and about twenty old people.

The Sisters surrounded him with joy, and His Grace seemed so happy to see the poor old people cared for according to his desire. He blessed them and the Sisters, and said, "Have confidence my children, the good people of St. Louis will not let you want."

In effect his words have been fulfilled. Since that episode, the Home for the old people has been enlarged three times and the debts are all paid. But seeing the wants of so many poor old people in this large city who claim admission, His Grace, the Archbishop, gave his consent two years since to establish a second Home, but we are waiting until our Lord inspires some benevolent benefactor to take the first steps in establishing this second House.

We have always found a protector and benefactor in His Grace, the Archbishop, and we go to him as children to their father.

*

ST. MARY'S INFIRMARY, }
ST. LOUIS, AUGUST 6TH, 1891. }

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Your postal card was received. We shall strive to comply with your request.

Mother Mary Odilia with five Sisters came to St. Louis from Europe in November, 1872, and established their first convent on the corner of Third and Gratiot Streets. The

principal calling of the Community is nursing the sick in hospitals, and the sick poor at their homes.

During the years 1872 to 1875 the Sisters were constantly kept busy nursing and caring for those suffering with the terrible diseases of cholera and small-pox. On February, 1877, St. Mary's Infirmary, 1536 Papin Stréet was established; the building being too small and inconvenient, a new hospital was contemplated which was begun in March, 1887, and completed in February, 1889. The sick poor are received into this hospital gratis. In the year 1878 thirteen Sisters offered themselves to care for those stricken with yellow fever in the South,—Memphis, Tenn., and Canton, Miss. Five Sisters fell victims to the epidemic. From the year 1883 to 1885 the Sisters were frequently called upon to nurse the poor afflicted small-pox patients at the Quarantine and at their respective homes.

On the 17th of October, 1880, the Foundress, Rev. Mother M. Odilia died after a brief illness. In November, 1885, some property in St. Charles, Mo., was donated for a hospital, which was sold, and ground bought in a more suitable part of the city; a hospital was built which was completed in July 1891. On the 2nd of July, 1888, the Sisters were called upon to take charge of a hospital at Chillicothe, Mo. The Community now numbers sixty-four members. Mother M. Seraphia presides as Superioress-General since the death of Mother M. Odilia.

The Franciscan Sisters came to St. Louis in the fall of 1872. They came from Germany under the charge of Father Brockhagen at the invitation of Father Schindel, pastor of St. Boniface's Church, Carondelet, to take charge of a hospital built by him. When they first arrived, they were three in number. After a few years the hospital was burned down, the patients, however, having been all saved and tenderly cared for by the good Sisters in what was called Gillig's Hall. The hospital was never rebuilt and the Sisters came to St. Louis, and founded what is now known as the Pius Hospital, so called after Pope Pius IX. It is a most successful hospital and is amongst the largest in the city. The Community now numbers ninety-eight members and have since their arrival established houses in Chicago, Milwaukee, Racine, Denver and Cape Girardeau. Besides, they have charge of several parish schools. They themselves state as one of the pleasant recollections of their foundation that they had, for several

months after arriving in St. Louis, to beg bread from their neighbors and rest upon the cold floor.

People traveling down Morgan Street on the cable cars, cannot fail to notice the neat convent of the Oblate Sisters of Providence. The Archbishop has always taken a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of the colored people of the city, nor must it be forgotten that the zealous Jesuit Fathers have labored long in the service of the same people, one of these Fathers being pastor of St. Elizabeth's Colored Church on Fourteenth Street. There are five Sisters in the house of which we have spoken, and five more have charge of the Colored Orphan Asylum on Page and Taylor Avenues. They were brought here in 1880 from Baltimore and are doing excellent work in an excellent cause.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood came to St. Louis in 1882. They came from O'Fallon, Mo., where they were first established and where the Mother House of the Community is located. The Sisters in St. Louis are twelve in number, but the Community at O'Fallon is very numerous. We would give more particulars of this excellent Sisterhood if we had them. We applied for these particulars but could not get them in time.

V.

But what have we been doing all this time? Not one word have we said about the secular clergy, who, more than any others, have been united with the Archbishop in his works of zeal and charity, and who, during all the long years of his Episcopate, have done so very much of the hard missionary work of the diocese. To omit them would be pretty much the same thing as,—to use a common phrase—"playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out." But we do not propose entering into anything like detail. Were we to do so, our little work would extend far beyond its intended proportions. Neither will we speak of living men nor of their works. Those works he that runs may read. They are to be found everywhere in the city and diocese of St. Louis as the monuments

of their zeal, and speak far more eloquently in praise of their authors than any words of ours could do.

We will look instead back into the past—back into the forties and early fifties, and what we shall have to say will refer chiefly to the country secular priest. During those times the country missions in the diocese were extremely poor. The country priest that got three hundred dollars a year, was looked upon as fortunate. Out of this paltry salary he had to meet his personal expenses and the expenses connected with the services of religion. It is true, that the people of those times were poor. But had they wished they could have done much better by their pastors. Somehow or other, they had become indoctrinated into the idea that there was no moral obligation of supporting their pastors—though the obligation was before them in the catechism as clearly as could be. If the pastor ventured to speak of this obligation from the altar, or to hint that he really could not live on the poor pittance they were giving him, they would oftentimes become highly offended and highly scandalized, and regret that their pastor was getting a little too fond of the money. We knew a very good man who complained of his pastor because the pastor had reminded the people from the altar of their neglecting to give anything on the occasion of baptisms. Indeed, it was only when the Irishman came along with the railroad, that the country pastor in many English-speaking missions could make anything like a decent living. And then, the labor the country priest had to go through,—the long and frequent sick calls, the distant out-missions that had to be attended to, the two Masses that had to be oftentimes celebrated on the one day, and at points quite distant from one another, the frequent fasting until late in the afternoon, and the other cares, duties and hardships of the sacred ministry! As an instance of the kind of labor the country priest in those times had to perform—we knew a priest that traveled on horseback one hundred miles on a sick call between Friday night and Sunday morning, that is, fifty miles going and fifty miles coming. On Sunday morning or perhaps Sunday noon, he had to be at the altar and was at it to say Mass for his people. But perhaps the worst feature of the life that the country pastor of those days had to lead, was its utter want of congenial society. The

religious in their respective spheres had their hard work to do, and did it well. But they had their Community to fall back upon. They had their religious brethren to counsel them in their doubts, and to console them in their hours of despondency. But the poor country secular priest had nothing of this. He was a lucky man indeed if he had a priest within twenty miles of him. When Rev. Bernard Donnelly went up to Independence in the fall of 1845, we venture to say that in the immense district now comprised within the limits of the Diocese of Kansas City, there was not a single priest. Of the country secular priest, very few, save those with whom he was immediately connected, cared anything or knew anything, and when he died that was the last of him. Down in his little parish on the Meramec river, and in the month of August, 1852, Rev. Remigius Gebhardt died of the cholera, contracted perhaps while waiting on those afflicted with that dread disease. About the same time there died in this city a Jesuit priest, Father Loretan. In the public prints, there was ever so much made of the Jesuit, and ever so little made of the secular priest. And yet as we heard a priest, now a distinguished Bishop, remark, the latter was as good a man as the former.

We look back once more into the past, and our remembrance of certain excellent country pastors is awakened. First there was the Rev. John Cotter, or Mr. Cotter, as he was oftentimes called. For several years before his tragic end, he was pastor of Old Mines. He was neither a scholar nor a preacher, but he was a most sincere and self-sacrificing man. Whatever we might say in praise of the Rev. John Cotter, would, we are sure, be indorsed to the full by the Most Rev. Archbishop himself. Whilst a student at the Barrens, he was infirmarian and thus acquired quite a practical knowledge of medicine. This served him to good use, when he became a priest, and many and many a time by night and by day, did he hasten over the rough roads of Washington County bringing corporal as well as spiritual health to the poor of his flock. On the 5th of June, 1851, whilst accompanying the Rev. Francis Barbier, a French Lazarist, from the Old Mines to the Barrens, the horse on which he rode shied and threw him violently against a tree. He was mortally injured. He

survived, however, for about two days, and save the words, *Ora pro nobis*, and our Saviour's sacred name which he was heard occasionally to utter, he spoke, as far as we know, not a word. His remains lie buried beneath the sanctuary of the Old Mines Church. From what you may hear, even to this day, from the people of the Old Mines and surrounding country, you would infer that he must have been almost worshipped by Protestants as well as Catholics.

In the summer of 1853, Rev. Louis Rossi was pastor of Rivière Aux Vases, in Ste. Genevieve County. One night, whilst a great storm was raging, he was summoned to attend a dying man. When he reached a stream which he had to cross, he found it swollen by the heavy rains. The man accompanying him remonstrated against his attempting to cross it. But Father Rossi answered, "Did you not tell me the sick man would not live until morning?" and urged his horse into the stream. The man remained on the bank and saw occasionally, as the lightning flashed out, the form of the horse and his rider struggling in the angry waters. Very soon he could see no more of them. Next day, when the storm had subsided and the stream had lowered, the dead body of the faithful priest was found in the bed of the stream. His death was very much like martyrdom. Father Rossi was perhaps forty-five years of age when he met his sad but heroic end.

The Rev. Ambrose J. Heim died at the Cathedral residence in this city in the beginning of January, 1854. He had been stationed at the Cathedral for several years and was Secretary to the Archbishop. It was remarked that the Archbishop, in speaking over his remains, spoke no word of praise, though no priest, secular or regular, stood higher in his estimation. There was, however, a tribute paid to the dead man's memory more eloquent than could be offered by any preacher. This tribute was paid by the multitudes of poor people that crowded the old Cathedral to attend his funeral. It was paid by their tears, prayers and blessings. Out in Calvary Cemetery he is sleeping his long and last sleep. "Blessed is the man who hath understood regarding the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day." These are the words which the Archbishop himself selected, and had in-

scribed on the stone that marks the grave of Ambrose J. Heim, the priest of the poor.

In the little cemetery of the Old Mines, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, lie buried the remains of the Rev. John J. Caffrey. He was pastor of the Richwoods at the time of his death, and was comparatively a young man, being only thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age. He had excellent qualities of head and heart. We never knew a man more familiar with the text of the Holy Scripture. Give him the least idea of the passage of the Holy Scripture which you wanted to find and he would find it immediately. One cold afternoon, in the beginning of February, 1856, he left his humble home, the home which he was destined never to re-enter, to go on a distant sick call. In fording the Meramec river, which lay in his way, the horse he rode took fright at some object and threw him. And that was the last seen alive of poor Father Caffrey. It was supposed that in falling he was injured by his horse, and, being thus rendered insensible, he became incapable of saving himself. His dead body was found some days after, and was conveyed to the Old Mines, where a Mass of Requiem was sung for the repose of his soul. And then friendly hands tenderly and respectfully carried the dead priest to his last resting place. A few of the priests of the diocese united and placed a modest tombstone over the grave of the priest that had died in the discharge of his duties.

Rev. Louis Tucker was one of the pioneer priests of the diocese. He was nearly fifty years a priest at the time of his death. He was a plain, unassuming man, and performed his priestly duties faithfully and perseveringly. He was for about eight years pastor in Potosi and was stationed for a while also in New Madrid. We heard that for a while during his pastorate in Potosi, he used to do his own cooking. For thirty-five years he was pastor in Fredericktown, one of the oldest and poorest country missions in the State. Speaking of Father Tucker, old Father St. Cyr said in our presence somewhat to the effect: "He is a very holy man. When I had to leave Ste. Genevieve owing to the loss of sight, I suggested to him that he should take my place. At first, he seemed favorable to the suggestion. But after a little thinking he said—No, he would remain where he was. Ste. Genevieve would surely get

a pastor, but his poor little place might not." He died on the 1st of December in 1880, regretted and respected by all that knew him.

Rev. Irenæus M. J. St. Cyr, of whom mention has just been made, was also one of the pioneer priests of the diocese, having been ordained by Bishop Rosati, in 1833. He will be remembered in the history of the *American Church*, as the first resident priest in Chicago. He never did very much in the way of building churches and schools, but he labored very zealously in the ministry. His life was a constant example and a constant sermon. We never knew a more exemplary clergyman. He seemed fitted rather for the cloister of religion than for the field of the missionary priest. He was almost totally blind for several years before his death. This must have been a great affliction to him, as we never knew a greater reader. He died down at the Nazareth Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of which Community he had acted as chaplain for some years previous to his death. He died on the 21st of February, 1883.



VI.

Our sketch of the life of our great and good Archbishop, incomplete as it is, would be even more incomplete if we failed to give the reader some idea of what manner of man he is, intellectually and socially considered. We speak of him as we knew him thirty years ago, or when he was still comparatively a young man. "Yes, sir," said Johnson speaking of Burke, "if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'this is an extraordinary man.' If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse dressed, the hostler would say, 'we have had an extraordinary man here.''" In like manner, were you to meet the Archbishop in a railway car or in a hotel, and did not know who he was, and were he to speak to you on one of his favorite topics for five minutes, you would say, this is an extraordinary man. Indeed, if you were to meet him accidentally in the street without knowing him, your desire to take a good long look at the striking figure as it passed, would likely get

the better of your good manners. Perhaps, there never was a man that struck more exactly the golden mean of undue reserve and undue familiarity. He was kindness itself to those that were in any way deserving of his kindness. But there was always a something about him that said, don't intrude—thus far and no farther. It is related of St. Francis of Sales that he would sit and entertain, and for a length of time, people who had no business with him and whose company could not be agreeable. He did this out of charity, just because he saw it pleased them. Judging by his way of acting, we think, the Archbishop would have said that in this St. Francis was rather to be admired than imitated, for if you plied him with useless questions or protracted your interview to an unreasonable length, he would show you very plainly that your absence was then and there the company he most desired. Like nearly every other man, he would occasionally unbend, though, to tell the truth, not very often nor very much. But when he would unbend, no man could be more agreeable company. He could tell a story in his quiet way as effectively as the greatest of humorists, and if he did not set the table in a roar, like Dean Swift, he could diffuse a mirth that would be more agreeable because more refined.

He did not believe that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. "My brother," he once said, "wrote to me that I ought to write something—write a book. But I answered him that I would rather be a book *keeper* than a book *writer*." This was said when he was engaged in the banking business of which mention has been made elsewhere. Some one was once praising somebody else very highly in the Archbishop's presence. "Did you ever have any money dealings with him?" asked the Archbishop. One morning at the Cathedral, the ceremonies gone through at some public function were not exactly what they ought to have been. At the breakfast table, the Archbishop was reserved and silent, and one of the priests divining the cause and anxious to propitiate him said,—*"I hope, Archbishop, you were not annoyed this morning."* "Annoyed?" asked the Archbishop, "at what?" "At the ceremonies," answered the priest. "Oh, no," rejoined the Archbishop, "I was not annoyed at the ceremonies, there were none." A priest, remarkable for his

exceeding conscientiousness, told the Archbishop he read the paper twenty minutes every day. "O!" said the Archbishop, with one of his peculiar smiles, "lose twenty minutes of your time every day!" A clergyman from a distant part of the diocese once called to see the Archbishop. He was in splendid physical condition. He was somewhat short in stature, but made up in breadth what he lacked in height. After kind inquiries respecting his health, etc., the Archbishop said, "I hope you are well pleased with your mission." "Well, no," answered the clergyman, "the people up there don't support me." "Don't support you!" said the Archbishop. And then added with a merry twinkling of the eye, "But really you look like a man that was well supported." A good story is told in which the chief actors were the Archbishop and a well known pastor of the diocese. The story, unlike many other stories, possesses the merit of being true. It so happened that the Archbishop was to give confirmation at the pastor's church. The pastor, foreseeing that he would be absent on an out-mission when the Archbishop would arrive, left on his table for His Grace's entertainment a recently translated edition of the Fathers of the Church into English by the Oxford men. As the pastor anticipated, the Archbishop, who always liked a book because it was a book, took up one of the volumes but found the leaves uncut. The same proved to be the case with the other volumes which the Archbishop tried to open. The pastor arrived in due time, and after explaining his absence said to the Archbishop, "I left three volumes for you, Archbishop, thinking that you would be entertained by them." "So I would," said the Archbishop, "If I could have opened them, but you see they are uncut." The joke at the pastor's expense was too good to be forgotten, and the Archbishop told it at the dinner table with great good humor. Those at the table hugely enjoyed the joke and drew their own conclusions. What those conclusions were we need not say.

He did not, however, always have the last word. "Archbishop," asked Bishop Spalding of Louisville, "did you read my *Life of Bishop Flaget*?" "No," answered the Archbishop, "I never read any of those light works." "Well," answered Bishop Spalding, "whenever I have an attack of insomnia, I

read Kenrick on Anglican Ordinations.” This pleasant little incident was told us by no less a person than the Archbishop’s Most Rev. Brother. It is rather refreshing to common people to know that great men, like themselves, can now and then have a little harmless pleasantry.

Than the Archbishop, it would be difficult indeed to conceive a man more chary of making himself too cheap. As far as our memory extends back—and it extends pretty far back—we never knew him to be present at a college or seminary exhibition. Indeed, it was only at the earnest solicitation of the President of the Diocesan Seminary, that he assisted on two or three occasions at the examination of his own clerical students. Unlike Archbishop Hughes, Cardinal Manning and other distinguished prelates, he would not attend any public meetings nor take part in public demonstrations of any kind. To Governors, Senators and other prominent men he paid no court. That these men should leave him unnoticed, he was perfectly satisfied. But if they called upon him, as they sometimes did, he would receive them and entertain them very courteously,—but always with that peculiar air of his that, whilst showing his consciousness of what they were, showed at the same time his consciousness of what he was himself. Yet with all this cautious, and as some might have thought extreme, reserve he could be condescendence itself, whenever his respect for his person or his position would allow it. We have known him to perform functions, that are generally supposed to belong only to the office of a simple priest. We have known him to say early Mass for the Sisters and orphans in the Asylum on Fifteenth and Clark Avenue, and then to go, carrying his cassock, to St. John’s Church to say Mass for the people. When the Christian Brothers came to St. Louis, he said Mass for them in their humble chapel on Eighth Street, and we knew him to act, for quite a while, as chaplain to the little convent of St. Philomena, then located on Fifth and Walnut Streets. He has also come from the Clay farm after having said Mass for the Carmelite Sisters to say another Mass in churches of the city where the usual number of Masses could not be otherwise supplied. This was not of frequent occurrence but sufficiently often to show the condescension and attention of the Arch-

bishop towards his clergy. We knew him to go to the Sisters' Hospital to condole with a man, by no means high in the social world, over the domestic afflictions that had befallen him. When the son of the same man was afterwards so seriously injured by a fall that his life was in danger, the Archbishop visited him also and administered to him the Sacraments of the Church.

As he never voted, and never seemed to mind or to care what might be the issue of any political struggle, it was next to impossible to say what were his political opinions. Though born and brought up and educated in Ireland, he never manifested, as far as we know, any great love for his native land, nor showed any preference for those of his own nationality. In this he was guided by motives too plain to need mention.

For many years he would not, unlike his Most Rev. Brother, suffer his portrait to be taken. Once we heard him remark, when the subject of not having his portrait taken came up, "I am told that as I am becoming old I am getting to look like my brother, and the one portrait will do for the two of us." He was a great reader. You could seldom find him without a book in his hand or one open before him on his table. His reading was generally of what we shall call the sacred kind, that is, the Holy Scripture with comments thereon, the History of the Church and the Writings of the Fathers. He was, however, by no means neglectful of ancient and modern literature. Horace, we believe, from whom he was fond of quoting, was his favorite among the Latin authors. Like every man of literary taste he had his Shakespeare, from whom also he was fond of quoting. Of some of our modern Catholic writers, he did not have as high an opinion as some might think they deserve. Father Faber he considered abounded more in flowers than in fruits. He was by no means carried away with admiration for Brownson, though we knew him to express himself highly in praise of an article written by Brownson entitled "Bushnell on the Incarnation." Of D'Arcy McGee he had a high opinion—we thought sometimes too high an opinion—styling him the most learned or one of the most learned men in the country. He would go to hear McGee's lectures,—an honor which he showed to very few other lecturers. To say it in passing, he had no great respect

for the professional lecturer. He did not approve of clergymen appearing in the role of lecturer, and failed not to disapprove of them in a half joking whole serious way. In his gentle criticism of their conduct, he did not spare even his own brother remarking once as we are told: "My brother, I see has been to Philadelphia lately lecturing. Poor man! he is getting old." For Doctor Newman as a writer and thinker he had more respect than for any other writer or thinker of those days. And when the great English convert was elevated to the Cardinalate by the present Roman Pontiff, Leo XIII., no man rejoiced more than did the Archbishop. Of Cardinal Manning he had also a very great opinion, styling his work "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," a work of great merit. One of the peculiarities of his literary taste, was his fondness for authors of whom few save the very curious in literature had ever heard. Among those authors we will mention Juvenini, Spedalieri and Patrizi. He would recommend McGee's History of Ireland and also a French work the translated title of which is, "The Letters of Certain Jews to M. Voltaire." He liked Mangan's translations exceedingly. We once heard him read from those exquisite productions in a way that showed he could appreciate the beauties of the poet as well as the arguments of the theologian. Some how or other, he had got the idea that there was more talent and more learning displayed in defence of error, than in defence of the truth. Taking up a volume of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, he said,—“Surprising, the amount of learning there is in this book. I am afraid that what St. Paul said of the Christians of his day is true of the Christians of our day; ‘Not many wise, not many learned’.” He had a wonderful memory. A priest, that lived with him for several years, said he never forgot anything. That of course was more or less of an exaggeration, for we are sure there never was a man who would not sometimes forget what he had read or heard. On one occasion we ourselves knew the Archbishop's memory to fail him. We knew him positively to contradict a priest regarding a certain Scriptural passage, saying in fact there was no such passage. The passage referred to is found in the Twelfth chapter of Exodus, in which it is recorded how the Children of Israel “took dough before it was

leavened and tying it in their cloaks put it on their shoulders," and how on their journey "they baked the meal which a little before they had brought out of Egypt in dough and made hearth-cakes unleavened." The failing of his memory, however, was very exceptional. It was only the verification of the saying of Horace that even good Homer sometimes nods.

As a linguist he certainly excelled. His knowledge of the Greek, Latin and Hebrew tongues was, we hesitate not to say, equal to that of our most distinguished modern scholars. Besides, he was familiar with the French, German, Italian and other modern languages. He was very partial to the study of geology, as witness his translation of Sacred Cosmogony, a work which must have cost him a great deal of labor. He had also a special fondness for the mathematics, and you could hardly please him better than by engaging him in discussion on some knotty point connected with that noble science. As a preacher he ranked among the very highest in the American hierarchy. In his preaching there was nothing sensational, none of those thundering passages which are vulgarly called eloquent, that move you for the moment, but when analyzed are found to be little if anything more than inexplicable dumb show and noise. His voice was singularly clear and sweet and strong, his pronunciation faultless, and his accent, though indicating the Irishman, had none of the brogue. His diction was clearness itself. If ever any man studied and practiced to perfection the maxim of Quintillian that you must write so clearly that men not only may but must understand you, that man was certainly Archbishop Kenrick. His gestures were few but singularly graceful and appropriate. His preaching abounded in quotations from the Scripture, for which he gave verse and chapter with marvellous facility and accuracy. Perhaps, some of his best sermons were delivered in the open air at the laying of the corner-stones of churches, with audiences of many thousands, and surroundings to awaken his best faculties. The Hon. Trusten Polk who, forty years ago, was a prominent lawyer of St. Louis, and afterwards Governor of the State and United States Senator, was a great admirer of Archbishop Kenrick's preaching. He would go Sunday after Sunday to hear the Archbishop's sermons, and always with increasing interest. But at last he left off attend-

ing the sermons and why—does the reader ask. Because, as he candidly acknowledged to some of his friends, he was afraid that the Archbishop by the force of his reasoning would compel him to become a Catholic. And this incident reminds us that it was in its reasoning that the preaching of the Archbishop especially excelled.

It was our purpose to give specimens—several of them if we could—of the Archbishop's style of preaching and writing. But we failed to realize this purpose. The following, however, kindly furnished by a city pastor will, we hope, make up in some degree for our failure. "In the month of October, 1887, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, N. Y., conducted a retreat for the clergy of St. Louis at St. Vincent's Church. One of the conditions on which the Rt. Rev. Bishop consented to conduct this retreat was that His Grace, Archbishop Kenrick, would close the retreat by administering Holy Communion to the assembled clergy. True to his promise, on the morning that the retreat terminated, His Grace arrived at 5:30, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administered Holy Communion to those clergymen who had performed the exercises of the retreat. At the end of the Mass, he desired his chaplain to open the Missal and to hold it for him whilst he read in the vernacular the Lesson read in the Mass of the day, the feast of the Dedication of Churches, taken from the Apocalypse, xxi., 2-5. 'In those days, I saw the city, the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven, from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a voice from the throne, saying: Behold the Tabernacle of God with men and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God Himself with them shall be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away. And he that sat on the throne said: 'Behold I make all things new'—And continuing the Archbishop said, 'Coming down this morning I was forcibly reminded of that coincidence in the Book of Kings where the Prophet wearied with the journey of life, sat down to rest. And in his weariness, he fell asleep, and whilst he slept an angel awaked him, and on awaking, he found beside him a pitcher of water, and a

hearth-cake, and the angel said: "eat, drink and be refreshed, for thy years may yet be many." So, you too, my friends, like the Prophet, may from time to time, be wearied with the journey of life. Your duty and your priestly labors are trying and manifold. The various and onerous duties of the priest are very frequently a severe test, both of the physical as well as of the spiritual condition of his being. So you too, may be wearied with the journey of life. But you have come to this retreat, in order that you may gain renewed strength for the performance of your many religious obligations. And you have come this morning to the Tabernacle of God, to eat of the Bread of Life, not indeed at the invitation of an angel but at the command of Jesus Christ. You have come at His command to eat, drink and be refreshed, for your years of priestly usefulness may yet be many. There is no condition of life, no matter how exalted, that does not carry with it a corresponding share of difficulties and privations. And whilst the priestly office is the most exalted one on earth, because the priest is the Ambassador of Christ, and the Dispenser of the Mysteries of God, and performs functions that the angels can not perform, he is human still, and therefore, liable to physical and even moral defections. Hence you have come to this retreat in order to commune more closely with your Creator, and thereby gain more strength for the great work to which Almighty God has called you. "For you have not chosen Me but I have chosen you, that you go, and bear fruit, and that your fruit may remain." How sacred, then, the work committed to your care, for to you is given the exalted authority and power of continuing the work of Christ, committed by Him to the Apostles, and to you, as their successors, at the moment of your elevation to the dignity of the priesthood. And whilst you are thus commissioned to be the bearers of the glad tidings of salvation, and to administer the sacred rites of the Church to those entrusted to your pastoral charge, you act wisely in not neglecting your own personal sanctification. And it is for this especial purpose, that you have come to this retreat, that you may thus perfect and adorn your own souls abundantly with grace and virtue before imparting those attributes to the souls of others. For, sometimes there is reason to fear, that whilst we aid others to at-

tain the priceless boon of eternal salvation, we may neglect ourselves. But with you, your presence here this morning, assures me it is different, assures me that whilst you do all in your power to aid your respective flock to attain salvation, you at the same time neglect not your own spiritual interests. Let me, then, congratulate you at the close of this retreat. And as you have now fortified yourselves at the altar of God, with the Bread of Life, He says to each one of you what the angel said to the Prophet, "eat, drink and be refreshed, for your years may yet be many." I pray, then, that your years of usefulness may be prolonged, that you may fulfill in every respect to the best of your ability, the varied duties committed to your trust, and in the end, that you may obtain, for yourselves, eternal salvation."

In performing the sacred ceremonies of the Church no man that we ever knew was more impressive than the Archbishop. A spirit of the profoundest recollection and reverence appeared in every look and word and movement. And yet he went through the ceremonies of the Church much more rapidly than you would have thought.

A great writer has remarked that "we might make shift to live under a tyrant, but to live under a busybody is what human nature can not bear." It would be useless and ridiculous for us to say that the Archbishop was not a tyrant, for it is well known that he was mildness itself. But neither was he what many and many a good man is,—a busybody. When he gave a clergyman a position, he presumed that he was competent and willing to fill the position. He seemed never to have any misgivings about it. He seemed to think, and we judge rightly, that things would go on better if people were as a general rule left to themselves to carry out the work which was assigned to them. As an illustration of what we are saying, we may be permitted to repeat what he said of a worthy old clergyman of this diocese long since deceased,—“He must be a very good man. I have heard nothing of him for ten years.” Yet at the same time, truth compels us to add that, when severity became a duty, he could be both severe and decisive. Once that he had made up his mind, it was hard to change him. Of course, he did not please everybody. Who ever did? St. Paul himself did not. Still we hesitate not to

say that his fifty years' administration of the diocese, has been singularly free from trouble. Though by no means demonstrative, he was, as sincere a man as could be imagined. He was just incapable of deception. He never feigned a friendship for you that he did not feel, nor made you a promise that he did not keep. Hence he could be depended upon most implicitly. He was in no sense of the word a society man. He paid almost literally no visits save such as duty required, and you might count on your fingers the number of times he dined outside of his own house or the houses of the clergy. It may be well to add that he once admitted that in this respect he was a little too exclusive, and that he did not wish others to follow his example. He had not the least style about him. He seemed above style. He lived very plainly and dressed very plainly,—some might have thought too plainly. In his modest residence on Walnut Street, he kept very few domestics, and those he troubled very seldom, preferring generally to wait on himself. For many years he kept a carriage and would drive out every evening to the Clay farm, returning sometimes to the city in time to say early Mass. But in course of time the Archbishop's modest turnout was seen no more on the way to the Clay farm, and then he took every evening as his only outdoor exercise a long walk, a practice which he keeps up to this day with unfailing regularity. A dislike for display seemed a prominent trait in his character. When he visited the diocese he expected to be treated with the respect due to his office. But he disliked all pomp and parade and would dispense with them when he could. He seemed to think that the more quietly things were done, the better they were done. More than nine years ago, on the approach of his fiftieth anniversary as a priest, he was waited upon and requested to allow its celebration. But he would not. He promised, however, to allow the celebration of his fiftieth anniversary as a Bishop. But we hazard nothing in saying that he made this promise, thinking that his life would not be spared so long. But, thank God, we may hope that he has been mistaken. The glorious anniversary is so nigh at hand that we may say it has been already reached, and when that anniversary, that will be without a precedent in the history of the American Church shall have been reached, great in-

deed will be the joy of the priests, religious and people of the Diocese of St. Louis. This joy will not be confined to mere exterior demonstrations, no matter how splendid. No, it will go farther. It will prompt all to pray that the Providence that has spared their great and good Archbishop so long, may spare him even yet much longer, to the end that he may continue the good work which he began fifty years ago, that of instructing, enlightening and edifying the entire American Church.

THE END.

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